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Church Missionary Society.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

Annual Letters

of the

Missionaries

For the Year 1900

PART XIX.

NORTH-WEST CANADA.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL LETTERS OF THE MISSIONARIES

FOR THE YEAR 1900.

From the Ven. Archdn. R. Phair, Winnipeg, North-West Canada.

[No date.]

RETURNING to my work and reviewing the Missions once more, I do not feel prepared to cover the whole field as heretofore, not having been able to visit more than a few of the Missions. I have, however, heard from and met a large number of the workers since my return in August last.

I have to report the resignation of one of our Indian workers, the Rev. J. Maggrah, who, after a training at St. John's College, was sent to your Mission at White Dog.

The question of getting the right men for work among the Indians is a most serious one. The work is hard, with few inducements and much to discourage.

Fort Alexander.—I was able to visit this Mission a short time ago, and was delighted to be among the dear old people where I began work nearly two score years ago. Many changes have taken place in recent years. The old chief, one of the first to embrace the Gospel and the man who gave the land on which the Mission buildings are erected, has passed away. The small school-house, where little bands of inquiring men and women met from time to time to hear about the great Chief in heaven, has been removed and a large church erected in its place.

The days of paint and feathers, rabbit-skins and blanket garments have all passed away, and now a new and modern state of things is everywhere visible. The few days I spent among them, going from house to house, convinced me that many old things have passed away. I was very much struck with the nice houses where old ones had stood some time ago, and I was particularly pleased with the services

on Sundays and the hearty manner in which they were entered into. I could not help feeling what fine specimens of Christians God can make out of medicine men, and the lowest and darkest of men and women.

Broken Head River.—The work here is making steady progress under the Rev. R. E. Coates, whose people are composed of white settlers along the Lake shore, half-breeds and Indians adjoining, and on the Reservation. Some of the Indians are Romanists and have erected a small church recently.

I was pleased to find a much more healthy interest taken in Church work by the Christian Indians at this place. They begin to realize that the Church is theirs, and the work their work, and that we are helpers, not they.

I am sorry to say the chief is still a Heathen, and his influence not helpful to Mr. Coates. Comparing the Mission with what it was some years ago, we have cause to be truly thankful.

St. Peter's.—The Rev. J. G. Anderson is still in charge of the work here. He has some twelve or fourteen hundred Indians scattered over twelve miles square, and has his hands quite full. This settlement of Indians reminds one of a scattered country parish, only with the houses much closer together.

One would have expected and hoped that the work here would not only be a model of all Christian work among the Indians, but be free from anxious cares and troubles incident to earlier work among Natives.

Perhaps there is no Mission in the country where there is greater cause for anxious thought and care than in this old Mission of St. Peter's.

Romanists, Baptists, and other bodies have come among them, bringing elements of discord and trouble.

I must not omit to state some of the many things to encourage work among these people. This is the field whence many of our efficient men for aggressive Indian work have come. The Missions at Hole River, Rainy River, and Fort Alexander are all manned from this old C.M.S. Mission.

There is much need for prayer for this work.

Black River.—The work here is in charge of Mr. S. B. Barrett, an earnest Christian layman, who, although unable to speak the language as yet, is very much liked by the Indians, and promises, if spared, to become a useful worker. The settlement is small, and is not troubled with other bodies of Christians.

The Indians have their own little church and attend it regularly; indeed, some of them on important occasions walk as far as Fort Alexander, some eighteen or twenty miles, to attend service there.

Ministering to these people has little drawbacks, keenly felt by men like the present catechist, who happens to be an Englishman, and feels the want of mail communication very much, as also the lack of neighbours and those who can speak English.

But all these are more than made up for by the unity and co-operation of his people. Having no Heathen in the little settlement, and no disturbance from outsiders, there is harmony and peace among them. Besides being at a safe distance from towns or villages of white people, the ordinary liquor evils and other troubles do not reach them, so that loneliness and other things are more than made up for, and in their own quiet way the Indians develop into a much better type of Christian.

Hole River.—I am pleased to be able to report a good work going on here under the care of an old and able catechist, Mr. John Sinclair. The work was only taken up a few years ago, a house and school being erected among a people who, if they did not openly oppose the Message, were most indifferent.

Mr. Sinclair has had the pleasure of seeing a number of them turn from their heathen habits and join in the services of the little church, and some of them become helpful in the good work. Here again the work is not hindered by opposition from other bodies.

The Master's Message is told over and over again, and these primitive people do not care to have it other than plainly told them in their own tongue. It is wonderful how they get on without the aid of organ or choir, and they come and love to come and hear again and again the Old Story.

Jack Head.—At this Mission the work is in charge of Mr. Robert Thomas, a Native who, besides being a Christian, speaks the language well. The number of Christian Indians at the place is still small, but there is much to encourage.

St. Martin's Lake.—Mr. H. Dobbs is the catechist in charge. The majority of the Indians are Christians, and have been under instruction for a long time. They are visited occasionally by the Rev. George Bruce, who lives at the headquarters of the Mission, some twenty miles distant.

In addition to the charge of the day-school, Mr. Dobbs has services on Sundays and visits the Indians occasionally. I understand there are signs of encouragement in the work.

Fairford.—The Rev. George Bruce has for many years had the charge of this Mission. He holds services in the large church when he is not called away to visit some of the out-stations at Crane River, Lower Fairford, Sandy Bay, or St. Martin's Lake. There are few, if any, Heathen at Fairford, and the Christian Indians appear to value the means of grace very much. I found the services well attended when I visited the station.

I am pleased to be able to state that a promising young lad from Fairford is a C.M.S. student at St. John's College, having been in active work as a catechist for some years. I think it wise and safe to prove the candidates by a term of service before being fully accepted.

Touchwood Hills.—The work here, although in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, is supported by C.M.S. funds, a grant being made by the Finance Committee to the missionary, the Rev. E. H. Bassing. A substantial stone building was erected for the missionary some few years ago, and when Dean Grisdale was appointed to the bishopric of Qu'Appelle, he wanted our catechist at Shoal River, Mr. Bassing, to enter his diocese. Soon after Mr. Bassing's arrival the Bishop ordained him deacon. He afterwards

came to St. John's College for a short time, and was admitted to the priesthood. At a recent meeting of the Finance Committee, at which the Bishop of Qu'Appelle was present, Mr. Bassing was permitted to move to what is called the Gordon Mission, some distance south, from which centre the Bishop assured us he, Mr. Bassing, would be able to do much more good.

Shoal River.—Here the work is under the care of the Rev. A. T. Norquay.

In an interview with Mr. Norquay, I find he has had a good deal to encourage him in the past year. The school of which he has charge is well attended, and the children help in the services on Sundays. Some of them promise to be useful when better educated. Of the Heathen, too, Mr. Norquay is able to say that they are willing to listen to the Gospel and are losing many of their prejudices. It may be that these encouragements are largely due to Mr. Norquay being better able to speak the language; and here again one feels the great importance of having men who will remain in the work.

White Dog.—We come now to one of the old Missions where the late Mr. Spence spent many years of faithful service, and where, too, the Society has some real Christian Indians. The Mission has sustained a great loss in the death of chief Landon, and his brother, both valuable helpers in the work. The Rev. B. Spence was succeeded by the Rev. John Maggrah, who was also an Indian.

The Mission is now in charge of Mr. J. Newton, a white man, who has had some few years' experience in Indian work, and who has a slight knowledge of the language.

I feel this Mission is too close to the town of Rat Portage; many of the vices of the white people find their way among the Indians and do mischief.

When I visited these people a few months ago, I found sickness had visited many of their houses, and death had reduced the numbers very much. They still build their houses small and crowd them to excess, especially in the winter months. This, of course, makes the sanitary condition of things very bad. Then they have such a poor idea of remedies.

The Dalles.—This is a branch of the Islington Mission, and is situate from

the town of Rat Portage only about nine miles, hence many of the great drawbacks and difficulties. The Indians spend so much of their time among white people, very often working for them, and all the time contracting habits and ways very far from helpful when they return to their homes.

Lac Seul.—We now come to one of your important Missions—not a very old one, but one that has grown steadily. I remember my first visit to it, in 1886, when it was so difficult to get any Indian to listen to the white man's Message from a book. I can remember, when I wanted to talk to them, I had to choose the time when they were eating at the Hudson's Bay Fort, and they remained until I had finished. What a change when these old days are compared with the present time!

The Mission has been in charge of the Rev. Thomas Pritchard for a number of years. Last year he married a very suitable companion, and I trust his loneliness is now a thing of the past. There has been a serious loss at this place also in the death of their chief, but the good work goes on, and the Indians here value the Message in a very special manner. Many of them live at a distance from the church; still, they do not seem to mind this, and in all sorts of weather I have seen them put in an appearance at the services.

There are two good schools in connection with this Mission, and we are hoping for great things from the young people, who have the advantage over their parents of acquiring a knowledge of English.

Dinorwie or Wabigoon.—We now come to a comparatively new Mission, and one where, as yet, but little progress has been made. It was opened by the Rev. G. Prewer, who had been trained at St. John's College, and put in charge. The house in which Mr. Prewer was to reside was erected at Dinorwie, a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about four and a half miles from the Indians.

I have just visited the Mission, and the Rev. E. C. R. Pritchard, who for the last two years has been trying hard to gain a footing, finds his greatest difficulties not the opposition from the Indians, nor yet that of feeling his way through a foreign language, but the real difficulty of getting to and from his people day by day, and

this difficulty becomes an impossibility when the ice is unsafe to travel on, and the wind too strong to cross the lake.

Frenchman's Head.—Mr. Fox, the catechist in charge of this station, is an Indian, and has been for some time at Islington. I believe he is doing a very good work. The Indians are all Christians, and are willing to help as much as they are able in the work. A number of them left the Roman Catholic Church and joined us some time ago, and now we have a nice little congregation, and, I am pleased to say, no trouble from outside bodies.

This Mission is a very encouraging one. The Indians work, build nice

little houses, and have ambition to rise and be independent.

Rainy River.—The work on this river is in charge of the Rev. J. Johnston. Besides Mr. Johnston there are three teachers on the river: one at Long Sault, one at Manito Rapids, and one at Little Forks. Mr. Bagshaw, who has been in charge at Little Forks for a number of years, has just resigned. He is the son of a supporter of the C.M.S. at Great and Little Gidding.

Mr. Johnston is making slow progress. Very few have as yet forsaken their Heathenism and joined the Church, but the seed is being sown, and the harvest will come. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

From the Rev. A. T. Norquay (Native), Shoal River, North-West Canada.

Shoal River, Jan. 21st, 1901.

For the first six months of the year my time was taken up in administering to the Missions of Shoal and Swan Rivers, the one being sixty miles distant from the other. Swan River was visited once a month, and on the journey I held services at an out-station at Birch River, an Indian settlement. The regular Sunday services were held at the Mission, and when present I carried on the work in the day-school.

In the church services and general work of the Mission one of the Indian men gives great assistance. Many are diligent in their reading of the Scriptures and in the custom of daily prayers. This is evidenced in the services when all take part. They have not yet learned to leave their responses to the few, and this not merely because of a choir.

As my knowledge of the language improves I am adding more to the public services, so that now with the exception of the reading of the Psalms, the whole form of Morning and Evening Prayer is taken. In the services English is being introduced because of the younger people and children of the school.

The time has come when contact with white people is pressing more and more yearly, and our Indians cannot escape the influences and forces of civilization. Let us face the issues manfully, if there is any confidence in our Great Captain; let us meet our fellow-men as man to man, and they will readily recognize the responsibility of our work.

Last winter the Indians saw daily, for the first time, the energy and enterprise of men, in catching and mastering the fish of Lake Winnipegosis. They were astonished at first, but soon some of them took a hand in the work, and being desirous of learning, they can yet be led to make their own livelihood.

The effects of an epidemic of measles lingered long, and few families escaped in which death was not. Not so much from the direct result of measles as from the development of other diseases, that there was the larger percentage of deaths. Tuberculosis in various forms claimed many victims.

The work of the school is progressing very well, and a very lively interest is being taken in it by the parents. During the last six months I have had a younger brother doing the work, while I have been engaged upon the building of a mission-house. He is to be with me for the winter.

The school is fairly well equipped in books and material, was well cleaned and whitewashed in the summer, and at the time that I had the house plastered, I also had a blackboard put in by the plasterers.

The building of a proper dwelling-house at the Mission took place during the later summer months. When completed, as it should be, and the prospects are that it will, it will be very comfortable and have many necessary conveniences. This is as it should be in this northern climate.

We are civilizing as well as Christianizing the native tribes of America, and

the highest and truest form of civilization comes from Christianity. And the Indian is beginning to recognize this, and in a manner they are attempting the betterment of their condition. They are following the instructions of Government officials and our own advice in cleaning up their homes and taking some precautions against the spread of epidemics. It is encouraging to see so many more houses being whitewashed and the floors scrubbed regularly. In years gone by it was not thought possible to obtain lime right on the reserve. When we began work on the house, we quarried the stone for foundation and lime, and so gave the Indians an object-lesson of what lay in their midst. They were not slow in learning the lesson.

In the inner life of their homes they are following up the teachings of Christianity as well and conscientiously as they can, and this is affecting those

who yet hang back. They see that there is a force in Christ's teachings which cannot be had in their blind superstitions. Family and private prayers and the public ministration of the Church are drawing the heathen Indians to be inquirers and attendants at services.

With the exception of one family, there remains none from which enrolment in Christ's army has not taken place, and soon the heathen parents make request that their children be instructed and baptized.

No less here than in other Missions must we face the difficulty and disgrace of Sunday labour by professing Christians in the fisheries, and on the railway. But the centre of our civilization does not escape this. Let us discharge our duties to the best of our abilities. We are given the work, God gives results.

From the Rev. J. Johnston (Canada Assoc.), Rainy River District, N.-W. Canada.

Long Sault, Feb. 13th, 1901.

The work in the different stations has been carried on much the same as last year. The attendances at services here (Long Sault) vary, sometimes quite encouraging; but my house-to-house visiting has often given me much joy and thankfulness. Nearly every Sunday I go out visiting I find in some house a lot of Indians gathered together, probably gambling or simply visiting one another, and there I read and expound the Word of God to them, generally receiving an attentive hearing. But there seems to be so much evil of some kind going on which seems to counteract all the good one may do. This thought often casts our spirits down in discouragement, but then in a moment of thought upon the blessed promise of the Master, "Lo, I am with you alway."

There have been no new converts here this year. Chief Mah-kah-da-pe-nais, or Blackbird, has been holding between two opinions for some time. He seems to have such a fear of his fellow Indians that he is afraid to come out boldly for the right. He is more intelligent than most of his fellow Indians; he can read in his own language in the Roman character. It would indeed be a help and encouragement if he was brought into the fold. We trust and

pray that ere long, by the grace of God, he will come out boldly as a witness for Christ.

The day-school has been ably managed by Miss Johnson (deaconess), sent out as my helper a year ago last October by the Canadian Church Missionary Association from the Deaconess' Training Home, Toronto. The children under her training have improved a great deal in their manners, and also are making good progress in their learning.

Manitô Rapids Reserve.—This station is a most difficult place to manage. Chief Great Hawk, who is now very old, is very much opposed to any Christian work being done among this people, and he, being considered to be one of the leading medicine-men in the district, has a great influence over his people. Mr. Wood, who has been a catechist and school teacher here for some years, has not been living on the Reserve, which was a disadvantage to the work. He is now about to be transferred to Little Forks, and I hope to be able to secure a place for the new teacher to live in on the Reserve which will be an advantage for more aggressive work.

Little Forks Reserve.—Mr. Bagshaw, who for the last three years worked in this Mission as catechist and school teacher, is about to sever his connection

with the work. There are not many Indians in this place, but I am thankful to say that for the last year or so I have been able or permitted to hold services in the school-house, every time I visit. The Indians generally nearly all come to the service, though all are Heathen excepting three.

Hungry Hall Reserve.—This is situated at the mouth of Rainy River, forty miles from the Sault. Here, of course, I regret to say, we have had no agent for several years, though we have more adherents than any other place in this district. The difficulty is that there is no Government school as in the other stations, where we can employ the school teachers to work as catechists with a supplementary grant of \$100 to the \$300 allowed by the Indian Department. It is indeed much to be regretted to have to allow the work to suffer in this place from the want of funds. I visit this place about once a month, and I am happy to say that I always spend a delightful time with the people. I have had some Indians come twelve miles to service. The same Indians referred to, when I first met them a little over four years

ago, were living as Heathen, though they had been baptized when young, but having been constantly in contact with and living amongst the Heathen they naturally drifted into Heathenism. To-day, I rejoice to say, by the grace of God, these same Indians are daily witnessing for the Lord Jesus amongst their heathen brethren. One of the good acts they did lately was to take to their home an old homeless, blind Indian, who is not only blind but helpless, afflicted with an incurable disease. They have not only been a blessing to him in body, but also to his soul. The poor blind man became convinced of his need of the Great Physician to heal his sin-sick soul. After due examination, at his request, I had the pleasure of admitting him into the visible Church of God by the Holy Sacrament of Baptism. I was told on my last visit that he now, often leads in prayer at family worship; and can also sing some hymns he has learnt by heart.

These and one or two other like instances give us encouragement and the cause of much joy and thankfulness.

From the Rev. E. Thomas (Native), Fort Alexander, North-West Canada.

Lansdowne, March, 1901.

You will be pleased to know that we have been very much blessed in our work in this district.

Hole River.—I have baptized thirty-four since 1898, and also received six Roman Catholics into our Church. We have now a native teacher stationed here, who teaches school and takes services, and I am glad to say his work is a blessing to these poor Heathen. You will be pleased to know that through his teaching the thirty-four were baptized since 1898. We have a good mission-house here, and also a good school, where we have services, but the school belongs to the Government. We need a church here, which I trust we will have in the near future.

Black River.—This is an old-station, containing seventeen families, numbering seventy-three souls. We have in this station a very good mission-house and a good church, but no teacher, only a school-teacher, but not able to take services on account of not being able to speak the language of the people. I visit this station every month; all are

Christians, I am glad to report. Heathenism along here up to Hale River is altogether disappearing, and the light of the glorious Gospel is shining brighter where Heathenism was once the ruling power.

Lansdowne.—There are 240 souls belonging to this Mission. I have cause to be thankful indeed to Almighty God for the blessing bestowed on my humble efforts. I often pray that God will give me more faith to enable me to trust Him more in all my work.

We have not had much sickness during the winter, and we have had plenty of game, such as elk or moose meat and deer, and plenty of fish. Our people still live mostly on game, and wandering from place to place makes it more hard to teach them. A few of them begin to take to the white man's mode of life in the pursuit of agriculture, such as settling down, raising cattle, and making garden, which I think will be a great improvement. We are doing all we can to teach them that too. I am glad to say that there has been a marked improve-

ment in these people the last few years. In places where I once could not stay in a house with comfort, I can now do so,

very much encouraged in my work. I only trust that I may be able to do more.

From the Rev. J. S. Newton, Islington, North-West-Canada.

Islington, Feb. 11th, 1901.

I regret to state that the chief and councillor died in the early part of the year. They were both Church members, and the councillor especially did all that lay in his power to help in the Church work and forward the cause for which we are labouring here.

The people have suffered a great loss. Both men stood for religion, law, and temperance, and while they lived there always was good order on the Reserve. The councillor was very much liked and respected by the people, and I for one have missed him very much. He professed to be a Christian, and he lived right up to it.

The eldest sons have been appointed to their fathers' places. So far they have not proved very successful. The services have been very well attended when the people have been home. Yet I am sorry to say, though they profess to be very anxious to have regular services each Sunday, yet the lives of the majority do not agree with their profession. They are very particular about the form, but not so much about the practice. This, I am glad to say, does not apply to all. A very few are, I believe, anxious to do right. They are trying to live up to the light they have.

The reason, I think, for the low spiritual state of the Church here is the proximity of the Reserve to Rat Portage. In summer almost all the people go there, and all the year there is constant travel between the two places. The

result is a great deal of intemperance, and this I believe to be the curse of these people. During the summer many of them earn by picking berries from \$50 to \$75, a great deal of which is spent in strong drink. The Hudson Bay Company, who have paid out several hundreds of dollars each season for freighting, had to put last summer a stop to the York boat and use a steamer most of the way on account of the drinking habits of the men. Intemperance is a great hindrance to spiritual advancement at this Mission.

The day-school has been a very encouraging feature of the work during the year just past. The attendance has risen from an average of four to one of sixteen, and for a good part of the year twenty. Instead of, as formerly, being confined to a few children at Islington, many of those attending are from outside places, mostly the children of Pagans. In September, when the Government inspector examined the children, he expressed himself as well pleased with their progress.

Islington is surrounded by a number of small bands of Pagan Indians, from about twenty to over a hundred in a band. Quite often the men come here to trade, and I have endeavoured to become acquainted with them, with the result that several attend the services quite regularly whenever they happen to be here over Sunday.

I have visited Oné Man Lake fairly often during the year.

From the Rev. G. Bruce (Country-born), Fairford District, N.-W. Canada.

Fairford, March 1st, 1901.

There has been no departure during the past year from the old lines. Divine service has been conducted regularly, excepting when I happened to be on a journey in visiting the different reservations connected with this Mission, which are far apart. Even then, I may say we always make the necessary arrangements, by selecting a competent person to perform duty, who takes my place and acts for me on a Sabbath, and I am thankful to say that from among ourselves there are never wanting willing

hands to assist in the work, whenever called upon to do so.

The Indians here are not ignorant, for they all have had the opportunity of an education, ever since the first missionary landed here (the late Ven. Archdeacon Cowley) up to the present time; and the Canadian Government—the Indian Department—have carefully attended to the education of the young in every reserve, whenever called upon for a school. And they all have heard the Gospel for now quite a number of years, but we do not see the desired change. That we would like to see,

considering how long ago it is since they first heard the Gospel. There is a lack of stability, and of a discerning spirit, to discern between good and evil, whenever temptation is presented to them, for as time rolls on, and the tide of civilization advances, brings them into contact with the outer world, where the baneful habits and manner of living are anything but helpful to the poor Indian, and as a rule the Indians can bear very little excitement or changes. However, I am thankful to say that the attendance at morning and evening services on a Sabbath is very encouraging in all our four places of public worship, as well as our weekly meetings, whilst we have done what we could to help, confirm, and establish the adult populations in the faith.

We have by no means neglected our duty to the children, by instilling into their young minds right principles and the fear of God. For these children will be the guardians of the Church when we have passed away, they will occupy our places, and to them will be entrusted the rise or fall of a generation yet to come. However, we try to do what we can and spend and be spent to instruct one and all as opportunity offers, and look to God for a blessing.

As regards house-to-house visiting, this important part is never lost sight of. For often it is that in these visits the true feeling can be arrived at.

I made a journey to Staggyville last December, which is over fifty miles from here. There the resident clergyman has resigned the work, and a catechist now takes his place. I can recollect when the first school-house was built at the place, I had to carry some of the building logs on my shoulders from the bush to complete the building, and had to manufacture some of the books for instruction. But soon the enthusiastic feeling of the people ran high, that they must have a church, which was built during my supervision, and completed during the Rev. Mr. Cook's time. I had the pleasure and privilege of administering the Holy Communion and baptizing three infants there; but what a change a few years' absence makes! On my inquiry, "Where is such-and-such a person?" the reply was, "Gone, gone!" And the young, how changed! that I felt I was a stranger in a

strange land, in a church that I had given a helping hand to build only, as it were, a few years ago. The services here on a Sabbath, as well as the day-school, are attended too.

Another visit I made, in the month of February, was to Dog Creek Reserve, about eighty miles from here. I spent a busy and, I hope, a profitable Sabbath with them. We had four meetings that day, and baptized three children and three adults. There is no one permanently stationed amongst these people, but I am thankful to say that from among ourselves there are never wanting volunteers. A young man, who is receiving no remuneration, has been labouring among them ever since last April, 1900, and I believe a blessing is resting upon his labours.

Another journey recently accomplished was to the Crano River Reserve. It appears to me that the Indians belonging to this reserve are afflicted with sickness, for I have never as yet visited this people; but there are always a number of them ailing. One woman has been confined to her bed for over seven years, labouring under a superstitious notion that if she exposes herself, or even touches water, that certain death is almost evident. The teacher here is one of the Fairford school boys, and the attendance at school is fairly good. I was much pleased, when we had service in their comfortable school-house, to hear the children join so heartily in the singing. Though the Indians attend service, and show a creditable desire to learn, yet the old cling to their superstitiousness, afraid that if they become professing Christians they will never see their children, or friends who have died in Heathenism, in the other world. Indifference and worldliness overrule their minds and feelings.

The Indians in general are all very poor; their means of existence depends entirely upon the fish and fur-bearing animals, which are disappearing rapidly every year, that it is a constant struggle to eke out an existence; nevertheless, when called upon for a thanksgiving offertory, out of their poverty, a collection was taken up which amounted to \$10.

Besides, we have a weekly offertory, which amounts to \$30 for the year; this amount goes towards the repairing

of the church and the sexton's salary. In closing, may I ask your earnest prayers both for myself and those connected with the work in their

From the Rev. E. C. R. Pritchard, Dinorwie, North-West Canada.

Dinorwie, April 4th, 1901.

I am pleased, in submitting my annual report for 1900, to note the work has shown some striking marks of encouragement. Perhaps it is for the reason that so much opposition was at first made by the Indians against Christianity, that I am so thankful for the slightest signs for the success of my work.

At first I could not assemble a congregation at all, and I was forbidden by the chief and councillors to use the school-house for religious services. It seemed almost fruitless as Sunday after Sunday, day after day, I returned to my house feeling that I had done nothing.

It has proved otherwise, however, for most unexpectedly the suggestion came from the chief himself that if I had a place to preach in he thought that perhaps the Indians would come and hear me. Next time I saw him I told him I would conduct services in the school-house until we were able to build a church. The

From the Rev. E. H. Bassing, Touchwood Hills Itinerary, N.-W. Canada.

Touchwood Hills, March 1st, 1901.

During the past year there has been a slight improvement in the work here. The Indians, especially those on the Day Star Reserve, are very willing hearers, but, unfortunately, they cannot at present make up their minds to prepare for baptism. Of late some of the Poor Man Indians have been more attentive, and seem glad to see me whenever I go amongst them, but, unfortunately, they are terrible beggars, always wanting something, either clothing or tea and tobacco, &c. On this Reserve I generally visit the chief's house first, where there is generally a fair gathering of Indians, but as a rule they prefer a visit to their own houses. This necessarily takes up a great deal of time. If one could only get them all together in one place it would be far more encouraging. This I hope to do in course of time.

The most encouraging work here is the schools, where I give regular religious instruction. The school on

lonely stations? Our hands are strengthened by the sweet thought that Christian sympathy and love go out to us in our isolated abodes.

attendance at the services have been good.

The young men are becoming particularly interested, showing a desire to possess books of their own, and to learn the hymns and prayers. I hope that during the coming year we may build a small church.

The work at Eagle Lake, an outpost of Dinorwie Mission, has made steady progress. Mr. Bruce, the catechist in charge, seems satisfied with the advances made. We are much cumbered in our work, however, by the baneful influence of the sale of intoxicants among the Indians. The Government, however, are taking more active and stringent methods for putting down the evil, and the several arrests that have been made have had a good effect. I manage to reach Eagle Lake about once in every six weeks.

Owing to the poorness of my health, the Committee kindly granted me three months' leave of absence, which time I spent in Europe. I returned feeling much stronger.

Day Star Reserve has an attendance of fourteen; there the children are making very fair progress under the tuition of Mrs. Smythe. The children speak out well and show a very intelligent interest in what is said to them. At Gordon's Boarding-school there are several children belonging to Poor Man's Reserve, some of whom, I am thankful to say, have been baptized. This is one of the best Indian schools I have ever seen. The children are contented and happy, and are well cared for by the Principal and Matron, Mr. and Mrs. Williams. As often as possible I go to the school and give religious instruction. The children are very attentive and show great interest, as evidenced by the answers they readily give.

Every second Sunday evening I conduct a service at Kutawa in English. This service is attended by the few white settlers and the half-breeds of the district.

Last year I drove nearly 5000 miles.

The mission-house is very inconveniently situated. If the house was near the Indian agency at Kutawa, which is the centre of the district, it would save me about thirty miles driving every week, and I should be nearer the most important part of my work. At this place, where the house

is now situated, it is impossible to find water. During the winter I have to melt snow both for the house and the horses. This necessarily takes up a good deal of time. At Kutawa there is no scarcity of water, and a good house and stables could be erected for about \$700 or \$800 at the most.

From the Rev. W. G. Walton, Fort George and Great Whale River, North-West Canada.

Fort George, Jan. 7th, 1901.

It was indeed with hearts full of joy and praise to God that we once more arrived at Fort George in September last, after having spent a winter in England, for our people were delighted to see us again. They never seemed to tire of telling us how thankful they were to "Our Father" for having brought us safely back to them, so that it made us wonder how friends in England could have thought that it was a hardship to come and live in such an isolated place. Our fears, when leaving in August, 1899, that our peoples would go backward have been quite unnecessary, for they have been just as regular in their attendance at the services held for them by some of their number, as ever they were when we were present.

Last winter, I am told, a larger number of Eskimo visited the post at Great Whale River than ever before, and two came over 500 miles in order that they might be taught the Word of God. I have known some to come 800 miles, although it has taken them two years to accomplish the terrible journey. This surely should be proof enough that my people appreciate the Gospel, because it is on their testimony that the farthest-away Eskimo desire to hear it too. They are not idle hearers of the Word. They receive it and preach it wherever they go. Some will even undertake the long, arduous journey, when they have got next to nothing to trade. Moses, my Eskimo interpreter, had services with them daily, and, it is said, he was truly in earnest. I have taught him a great deal whenever I have had the opportunity, and he has done wondrously well. Soon I shall be going there, as in former years, and I intended to thank him; but, alas! poor man, he has already gone to his long home! About five weeks ago, while starving, he poisoned himself, wife, and four children, with eating

rotten meat. This has not only been a great grief to me, but it is also a terrible loss, for he was the only one who could talk a little English, except a man who, through gross immorality, is unfit to speak for me.

Some of the most awful acts of immorality have been practised by my people, even after they had heard the Gospel preached for some years by my most faithful predecessor, the Rev. E. J. Peck; but of what volumes it speaks to those who know anything about the Eskimo, to hear that last spring the chief and some others were put out because a young man had put away his wife and was living with another. They arranged a meeting and showed him that it was wrong, and at last persuaded him to take his wife again. The seed has been sown, and now it is springing up and bearing fruit. Praise God!

During the summer months at Fort George a Christian blacksmith in the employ of the Hudson Bay Co. held services for the Indians twice every Sunday and twice in the week, while another—an Indian—taught the children every day. The trader told me that it was indeed nice to see how well both old and young attended church. Some Canadian miners, too, who were staying here for ten days in the summer testified in the same way. One or two of this party, I am told, are the first real Christian strangers that have ever visited this post. More than once did they remark about the splendid consistent way in which the Indians observed the Sabbath. One said that in civilization it was difficult at times to tell the difference between the Sabbath and week-days, but here every one goes to church and ceases from work.

During our absence on furlough over thirty died, but most of them truly believed in their simple way. "There could be no doubt about William," said the trader to me only the other day,

"that he died happy, for he was a good man." He died just after he arrived from his hunting-grounds. But another, who died about the same time, seemed quite unprepared, and when told that he should pray to God to prepare him for his last journey, he remained obdurate and struggled hard with death. His was an awful end, and it made a deep impression upon some of the minds of my people.

Since I have printed and distributed a small Prayer-book with hymns my people have been able to follow the services and to make their responses as their fellow-Christians can do in England. This they have never been able to do before, except in a very few cases, most of whom had been brought up in the fort for a more or less considerable time as servants to the Hudson Bay Company. I shall never forget the second Sunday after I had given them the books. One could hardly realize it was the same people in church, I was told, after the service, that now we had "some thunder in our church." It was partly to help my people by getting books that I so much longed to pay a visit to England. While there I got a typewriter specially made with the syllabic characters, and 500 illustrated New Testaments with blank pages opposite each picture, which I shall be able to print with explanations and notes in Indian and Eskimo. Unfortunately they were too late to be

sent out this past year, so that we have to wait till next September before we can set to work and print them. During the past four months my time has been spent in ministering to the English-speaking people of the fort, and to the Indians who occasionally visit the fort. I fully intended to go and see some of the people in their tents, but I have been debarred from doing so on account of my wife's not being able to get about. Last summer's journeying was too much for her, especially the voyage across the Atlantic, when she was exceedingly ill. I hope and trust she will be well again soon, as the time is fast approaching when I shall have to leave home and go to Great Whale River to teach the Eskimo.

Our collections on Christmas morn were not so large as in some previous years, but this is partly owing to the absence of a few who used to give largely.

I am glad to state that our being in England for a winter has not done me much harm with regard to the languages. I have been able to preach extempore to my people, though I prefer manuscript work. An interpreter is now a man of the past at Indian service, and I wish I could say the same of our Eskimo services; still I feel somewhat encouraged, for when I saw Mr. Peck in England he seemed to be pleasantly surprised at the way in which I had progressed.

From Mr. C. N. Chapman, Churchill, North-West Canada.

Fort Churchill, Aug. 8th, 1900.

On September 30th last the Bishop arrived, bringing my dear wife and children with him; they had a very hard journey but stood it well. I was so glad to have my Bishop with me after the long season of loneliness. I had prepared four candidates for confirmation, who were confirmed on December 13th; and on December 21st three Chipewyans were confirmed and seven admitted to Holy Communion for the first time.

I have always managed to keep up the day-school for children living at the Mission all through the year, except when Natives would be here, then I gave all my time to them, or in very cold and stormy weather! In the winter months we hold two English services and Sunday-school on the Lord's Day, and a Wednesday evensong, and have "talks" with Indians and Eskimo when-

ever they come to the Fort to trade. In the summer, when both Indians and Eskimo are camped here, I have three and often four services and Sunday-school, and constantly visit them in their tents and *iglows*, talking with them of God and His love for men, with singing and prayer.

The Chipewyans are becoming better church-goers than when I first came here. They sing their hymns to our dear old English tunes very sweetly, and I am thankful to say that when off on their hunts they always carry their hymn and Prayer book in their coat pocket, and they do not forget to use them.

The Huskies (Eskimo) are much more intelligent than the Indians, and much more happy and contented, but they are harder to overcome for good; they stick very strictly to their superstitious

practices and their conjurers, but I am thankful to say that there are some of them who are becoming better.

I took a little Husky boy, "Ooibuck," for two years to bring up for Jesus; he lived with me for twelve months and four days, and then his parents came and took him away. They wanted him to hunt for the family. The poor boy wept at parting, and so did I; I had learned to love him. He had learned much and was a dear good boy. May God go with him! I have sent for another Eskimo boy, an orphan, from the far-away Huskies (within the Arctic Circle), a Heathen, one that will stay with me, whom, with God's help, I shall strive to bring up to become a teacher to his brethren.

Since August 13th, 1899, that is to say, during the last twelve months, I myself have held 101 services in English, twenty-eight in Indian, and twenty-two in Eskimo; and made 434 visits to people in their tents or houses for prayer and "talk."

I am happy in my work; but feel that I will never be able to do much good until I can go off and live among the Indians for a year, so as I may learn their language. I can read it in our Mission books, but a man cannot learn

to talk well unless he hears nothing else for months. Of course I know what it involves. These Indians are infested with vermin, live in deer-skin tents that let in the rain and snow, and for the most part live on meat; but before I came to Moosonee I lived for years as a Government wood-ranger, and can travel for days in an unexplored region without danger of losing myself, and can make and ride a birch canoe, or knock-up a log house with my own axe, and the snowshoes and I are old friends. So I am not afraid, and I feel sure that God will be with me and help me to master the language for His glory.

The poor Indians were very badly off last winter, and were, oh, so thankful for the nice warm Mission clothes they got for a Christmas-box. If some of the good friends at home could only see the look on some faces when the clothes are given out, and eyes so full that their owners are afraid to open their lips for fear of breaking down, they would feel well paid for their work.

We expect the ship daily with her burden of good things from all our friends. God bless them!

P.S. August 17th.—Our good ship arrived to-day.

From the Rev. R. Faries, York Factory, North-West Canada.

York Factory, Dec. 11th, 1900.

York Factory.—The York Indians are a quiet, undemonstrative Christian people, and there are no Heathen to convert to Christianity.

The work is of a pastoral nature, requiring all the thought, care and prayers of an earnest and hard-working pastor. And the fact that the people had been without a pastor for seven years, added much to the difficulties and anxieties of the work during my first year.

In my administrations with the York Indians, I discovered that there was a great deal of superstition mixed up with their religion. They regard their books similar to the manner in which the conjurer regards his charms, and this partly accounts for the peculiar use they make sometimes of their books.

Time fails, or I might tell a dozen stories or more to illustrate this remark, but one or two will suffice. A well-known Christian Indian was telling me about his son, who was subject to epileptic fits, which are generally regarded by the Indians as a visitation of the Evil One.

He said that no human power could hold the young man when these fits came on, and he proceeded to tell me of one instance—the last. After struggling with the lad, and using every remedy they could think of, he (the old man) at last placed the Bible under his son's head, the Prayer-book on his breast, and a Testament between the shoulders at his back, and the cure was instantaneous. Praying did not avail, remedies were useless, but the Holy Books had the effect of curing the *muché-etaspinauru*, i.e. evil disease.

With all their fondness for their books, they retain little knowledge of the contents and precious truths of the Holy Book, showing that though they keep them and carry them about, they must read them very seldom. Another reason for such ignorance is, that their minds are so simple and undeveloped, that they do not grasp the sense and meaning of what they read.

During the winter, three services were held every Sunday, two in Cree and one in English, and I also kept a

Sunday-school, having Joseph Hart, and his wife to help me. The Indians who lived near the Fort, always came in for the services, except when it was bad weather. It was encouraging to see how earnest they were to hear the "Preaching of the Word."

At Christmas and at Easter, quite a good number of the people came in for the festival seasons of the Church. Every communicant feels it his duty to come and partake of the Blessed Sacrament on those occasions, and some come a long distance—30 to 200 miles.

I told you in my last letter about my efforts to enlighten the young people, and to educate the children. All through the winter and part of the summer, I taught English and Cree, taking the children in the day, and the young men at night. This I find to be the most discouraging part of my work, for the children and even the young men are so stupid and slow that there is little pleasure in such dull work. When navigation opened all the Indians came in to spend the summer at the Fort. Thus I was able to work among them, both for their intellectual and spiritual advantage. Evening prayer was read daily at 7 p.m., and I always expounded the second lesson, applying its precepts and lessons to our every-day life. The people seemed to find these addresses very instructive and helpful, for they attended very regularly.

Another encouraging feature in the work is that quite a number of the Indians who had deserted York in consequence of the treatment which they received at the hands of the H. B. Co., returned to their birthplace when they heard that a missionary was again at York.

Thirteen new communicants have been enrolled since my last report, and eight of those who returned to York were old communicants, which together make a total of twenty-one added to our list.

The Bishop's Visit.—Immediately after New Year, I hired a team of dogs and ran to Churchill to meet the Bishop, and to help him in travelling to Fort York. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were well, and doing their utmost to advance the work at that isolated station. My stay at Fort Churchill was necessarily short, as the Bishop was ready to return to York, and so we bade our brave

fellow-workers "good-bye," commending them to the care of the Master.

It was a great event in the history of York to have a Bishop residing in the Fort, and the people appreciated the honour. He used to visit the people in their homes, talk to them when he met them on the road, and every Sunday evening he had a Bible-class for the "grown-ups," which they found very instructive.

While the Bishop was with us, I trained some young people for confirmation, and on May 13th, Third Sunday after Easter, four young people and one old person (Joseph Hart) received the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation. They all partook of the Lord's Supper the same Sunday, thus showing their sincerity in making the solemn vow to serve the Lord. They belonged to the English congregation. I could not reach the young Indians at that time, and therefore there were no Cree candidates for confirmation. Just when the Indians were coming in for the summer, the Bishop was obliged to leave. On May 25th, he departed for the distant station of Trout Lake.

The South Lakes.—About 120 miles S.W. of York in the interior, are a group of lakes, known as the South Lakes. Some traders of the H. B. Co. were going to do business with the Indians, and I took the opportunity of going with them.

We were much delayed by deep snow, and the traders' dogs had a heavy load, so we travelled but slowly. At last we reached the "Wigwams," and were warmly welcomed by kind Indians. I was disappointed to find that only three families were together, for I had expected to have a large congregation to minister to for a few days. About a month before we came to the lakes, the inhabitants had scattered in various directions owing to the scarcity of food, and the three families were left to obtain what they could from the lakes. The poor people were starving, and we lost no time in giving them food. Fortunately the traders' sleigh was well-supplied with the necessities of life. It was, indeed, a God-send to the starving people. They had failed in catching fish in their nets in the lake, and there were no partridges about. Day after day they visited the nets, took them up and tried them elsewhere, but

still they returned to the tent with just two or three fish, and sometimes none at all. Men and boys hunted in all directions for rabbits, partridges, and anything that was fit to eat, but as often as not they came home with nothing.

Existence is a hard struggle for the poor Indian in this northern region. There are no rabbits, fish are scarce, and the reindeer do not pass in great herds as they did some years ago. Partridges, beaver, otter, musk-rats, &c., all go for food for the Indian.

It was wonderful to see how happy these people were, in spite of the hardships and privations they had gone through.

On our journey back to York we experienced very cold weather, and we had to face the terrible north-wind.

Of course, we suffered from frost-bites about the face, though I was less bitten than the others; but then, my share of troubles was made up by being snow-blind.

Fort Severn.—This place is about 300 miles east of Fort York, and is only a small trading post of the Hudson Bay Company.

There are about 200 to 300 souls attached to Severn, and perhaps half (or more) of that number are Roman Catholics. Those who are east of Severn seldom see a missionary, and as they constantly come in contact with the Roman Catholics of Albany, they are consequently adherents of the Church of Rome.

Archdeacon Kirkby did a good work among the Severn Indians, and every soul might have belonged to the Church of England to-day if the impression then made had been followed up.

On July 9th I left York, taking a passage in the Severn boats. These boats are open sail-boats, carrying about five tons, with no accommodation for passengers, and they seem very frail things for sailing along the coast of Hudson's Bay. But the men are careful and cautious, running from harbour to harbour whenever the weather is fair, and remaining in harbour when it is stormy. We were fourteen days going to Severn. Here and there, as we drew near Severn, we saw camps of Severn Indians, and when convenient, put ashore in order that the missionary might talk to them, and invite them to the

Mission. Thus, three children were baptized on the road, as the mothers were not strong enough to travel to the Fort.

There were a good many of our people at Severn, but quite a number of the men were away, voyaging for the Hudson Bay Company. The Roman Catholic community had not yet come in, so that nearly all the Indians I saw belonged to the Church of England. Two regular services (morning and evening prayer) were held every day, and the intervals between were devoted to dealing individually with the people. A few of the men were earnest, well-meaning men, and were staunch upholders of the Faith they professed. But generally, ignorance and superstition prevailed.

It was my unpleasant duty to refuse the Holy Communion to some, who should never have been admitted, for they were not only ignorant of the responsibilities and duties of a communicant, but were guilty of dark deeds and open sin, which was generally known. Was I going to give the white man the opportunity to point the finger of scorn at the Native Church? I endeavoured, therefore, after much prayer and thought, to purify the Church, and to raise the standard of Christianity to its proper level.

On the Sunday before I left I administered the Holy Communion to sixteen men and women, who had shown by their lives and knowledge that they might be counted among the Holy Circle. They were all communicants of long standing.

Six children altogether received the Sacrament of Baptism, and several young people were trained for confirmation.

The Roman Catholic priests here were building a church at Weenusk River, which is about fifty miles east of Severn, and all the Indians within that vicinity have fallen an easy prey to the priests. The people are ignorant, and they see so little of the Church of England missionary, that one religion is as good as another in their estimation.

After ten days' hard work among the people, I bade them "good-bye," commending them to the care of the Loving Shepherd, Who has said, "None shall pluck them out of My hand." I

walked the distance back from Severn to York, having a York Indian with me to guide and help me along. It was a long and tiresome walk, being a steady tramp from sunrise to sunset, over hard and soft ground alternately, while the heat and the flies annoyed one beyond measure. Here and there I came to Indian wigwams, and was glad to take a few moments' rest, while I talked to or prayed with the good people. They were always so hospitable and kind, and ready to help us along on our journey. I had to leave my man with his friends at one of these camps, as he was too footsore and lame to go any further, and I engaged two young persons to accompany me to York. On my tenth day from Severn I reached York, and was thankful to rest in comfort.

Ship-time.—A few days after my return to York the s.s. *Erik* was reported to be near the Fort. A boat's crew arrived to announce that the ship had grounded on a reef at Cape Tatanam, and to get help from the Fort to draw her off. It was an anxious moment when we heard such news, for the ship was in a perilous situation. Had a north-wind sprung up she would have been dashed to pieces, and we would have lost all our supplies for the year. But Providence favoured us with fine weather and a high tide, and the ship floated off into deep water without receiving any serious damage.

Fort Churchill.—As soon as the York supplies were landed, the *Erik* proceeded on to Fort Churchill, and I took passage in her, to visit Mr. Chapman at that lonely station. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman gave me a hearty welcome, though I surprised them by putting in a sudden appearance. They were cheered and encouraged to see a fellow-worker.

Twenty communicants partook in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and among them was a Chipwayan, who was one of those admitted by Bishop Newnam last winter. Several Huskies and Chipwayans attended the English service, and sat listening in rapt attention as I preached. How I longed to be able to speak their languages, and tell them of the Saviour! Who died for them!

Mr. Chapman was doing his best for

their spiritual welfare, teaching and preaching among them, and endeavouring to master the two languages. The Chipwayans are earnestly seeking after the Truth, but their language is very difficult to learn, so that the missionary can as yet do little real work among them.

The Eskimo are yet Heathen, though some have long been catechumens. Their language, I deem, is much easier to learn than Chipwayan, but they are difficult to reach, and superstition holds them like slaves. A party may be at the Fort this summer, and for two or three years the same party may not appear again.

It is sad to think that so little impression has been made among them after so many years of hard work, done by so good and earnest a missionary as Archdeacon Lofthouse! The trouble is that one man, however earnest and energetic, cannot do the work as it should be done. If he devotes himself to the English-speaking community and the Chipwayans, the Eskimo work will suffer, and *vice versa*. To do any real work among the Eskimo the missionary must go among them, live with them further north than Fort Churchill, and by his life and example and teaching, show them the importance of the Gospel message.

After a short visit of three days I departed for York, walking in company with W. C. King, Esq., and two men. Mr. King had come to Fort Churchill on business of the Hudson Bay Co., and we had the pleasure of travelling together.

Autumn at York Factory.—As the autumn draws towards winter the Indians buy their outfit, and depart for their distant hunting-grounds. And so I found on my return from Churchill, that many had gone off for the winter, and very few remained to welcome back their wandering pastor. I quietly resumed my parish work at York, distributed the Missionary Leaves Association goods among the poor and deserving, and settled down for the winter. Late in the autumn, when the water becomes cold, fish come in the river in great numbers, and all the residents of York must go out and catch as many as they can for the winter's stock. It is our "harvest-time," and we must go out and reap the harvest.

Minister and people all go out and fish for a week or two. Last autumn we brought in an unusual supply, so we are well prepared to meet the winter, and to feed starving Indians when they come along.

Winter.—Since the winter set in, a few rabbits have been secured by the residents of the Fort, and that is rather unusual, since rabbits have not been

From Mr. J. W. Bilby, Blacklead Island, Cumberland Sound, N.-W. Canada.

Blacklead Island, Baffin's Land;

Aug. 27th, 1900.

Mr. Peck left us and went aboard the *Alert* on Sunday, October 8th, and next morning the vessel was out of sight. Mr. Sampson and myself then made haste to finish all manual work before beginning our teaching and study. For the next fortnight the sound of saw, plane, and hammer was heard from morning until night, the result of our united labours being new doors and windows fitted to the church, desks, forms, and reading-desk for the same, cupboards for medicines and articles of barter, and a strong kitchen-table (the legs belonged to a ship which was wrecked here some years ago, and we thought it was time they were put to some use). Altogether I think it was not a bad fortnight's work.

On October 17th a sad accident happened here, for one of our best hunters was drowned. The accident happened as follows:—There had been heavy weather and a bad sea running for several days, but on the 17th there was every promise of a fine day; therefore the boats went off whaling as usual. The weather suddenly changed and they ran for home, but before they had gone far a squall struck them, and the last boat, the one in charge of Mr. Sheridan the trader, was overturned; the crew managed to climb on top, but one was washed off and drowned. The other boat, in spite of the danger, turned and went back just in time, for the men could not have held on much longer. They then returned to their starting point, i.e. an island opposite to us, and were attended to by some Eskimo there. On the Thursday following, a boat with provisions was sent from here, to bring the two crews back, returning the same afternoon. The grief of the Eskimo on hearing the news was loud and long, and not soon forgotten by ourselves; but their grief,

found near York for some years past. Partridges, too, are more numerous, and the fur-bearing animals are not so scarce as usual, so that we hope that there will be no starvation or poverty among the poor Indians this winter.

"Pray for us," that we may be strengthened and supported in the great struggle to lighten the dark corners of Northern Moosonee.

although severe at the time, was soon forgotten by them, in fact by Saturday they were going on with their boating and work as if nothing had happened. The boat when found was beyond repair, but guns, lines, &c., were recovered. The fault of the accident is reported due to the shape of the boat, which rendered it unsafe in rough weather.

On October 23rd, our manual work being finished, we re-opened school and some sixty or seventy scholars came. We were glad to see all the old scholars re-appear as well as some new ones. The teaching was much the same as in former years, i.e. reading and transcribing the Acts and Gospels, and writing accounts of the miracles and parables, &c., from memory, and learning the Syllabic and Roman characters and numerals. The attendance at school and services has been regular throughout the winter.

On October 30th we commenced inviting our visitors in the evenings after service. There are some thirty families. As usual, we took the evenings in turn, and after one or one and a half hour's entertaining the Eskimo one does not feel a desire to do any more work, so after a chat we generally went to bed.

On account of the rough weather and gales the ice was a long time forming. There was plenty of snow about and the water was thick with mush, thus neither *kyak* nor sled could be used. Thus on November 7th we opened our soup-kitchen, and gave soup or oatmeal to seventy-three families every other day. This was all we could do, for our supply of peas, rice, and oatmeal was small, and as other bad times would come, we husbanded our supplies in order that we might have some for the worst times; and one good meal every other day keeps the people going, with what they are able to pick up by themselves.

I am sorry to say the "Sedna" feast was revived and celebrated again this autumn. The ceremonies are both childish and foolish; it is hard to believe that grown-up people can believe in them as some say they do, neither does it make one feel at peace with them when they say, "As this is to us, so is your religion to you." But without doubt these things will change when the truth of our Saviour's love comes home to their minds more. In the meantime we plod on, trusting in His promise that labour done in His Name will not be lost. But although these feasts are still celebrated, there seems to be much cause for encouragement, for they seem to be like the flare of a candle before it goes out. These feasts are arranged chiefly by the old people and Angakoots; the younger Natives do not to all appearance believe in them, and many of the adults who have been under Christian instruction do not attend the feast or celebration. It does seem, as far as one is able to judge, that there is good work going on in the hearts of the people, and that the time is not far distant when there will be a visible Church of Christ here. We pray daily that it may be so.

By the end of November 657 meals were given away; the people were very grateful, for seals were few until after Christmas.

December.—We had some lantern services during this month. This is a great treat for the Eskimo, and they never fail to turn up in full force at these times.

On the 10th, two hunters were adrift on the ice. We were thankful to see them arrive next day; they came in with the tide. These poor creatures have a hard time during the winter, for often while they are away hunting the ice breaks up through various causes and they are carried out by the wind or tide and sometimes are not seen again. The small boat which was bought for the Mission last year has done good service, in fact it became almost public property, for as soon as the news came "Men adrift!" the boat was put on a sled, and with a good team of dogs was down to the floe-edge and back with the men almost before we knew it. It is a short boat and therefore well adapted for that class of work, and it has been the means of saving a good number of Eskimo from being carried

away on the ice at various times. It was a great pleasure to be able to place in the hands of the people the means of helping themselves.

On the 13th, Mr. Sampson and myself decided to have a day off, but we had hardly finished breakfast when we heard a noise outside, and found out that a child had been taken ill and was being frozen off. We hurried out and I hauled the child into the house while Mr. Sampson went for medicine. The mother was brought in afterwards by other Eskimo. The warmth and some nourishment soon brought the child round and we left him all right, but on returning in the evening found he was worse, convulsions having set in. Mr. Sampson now had a hard time, for my feet were slightly frozen and I was thus unable to help him. The child was in the house six days; we did not expect him to recover, but with medicine and mustard plasters he pulled through and was discharged thoroughly well.

17th.—By this time 1467 meals were given away, and by Christmas 1647 meals had been made and given.

On the 21st the cakes and puddings were made for the children; some 120 lbs. of flour were used in making them. They looked good, solid things such as the children love, especially as indigestion is unknown to the Eskimo.

On the 23rd, Mr. Jansen the trader arrived from Signia by sled, telling us that no vessel had come to him and his provisions were short; he had a rough journey up. He stayed for the Christmas, then returned to Signia with provisions from the trader here and from ourselves. His 150 miles' sled journey was not one to be envied or lightly undertaken. Our Christmas was spent very quietly re-reading our letters from England.

Jan. 9th, 1900.—Several men nearly drowned; they were walking on the ice and went through, but were eventually pulled out. God's mercies are indeed very great.

10th.—About this time the children had their feast. We did not have a tree this year, for my feet were still too tender to walk on, and Mr. Sampson was completely run down with the strain, therefore we decided to give the feast and presents without the tree. The children were satisfied, each one having on the average a pudding each and two pints of strong tea. They had a good

feast and seemed none the worse for it. It is only fair to add that a good proportion of what was given to them went to their *tupaks*, to be shared with their parents.

Feb. 18th.—Another Eskimo gone. A very old man named "Ooshakarlo," who had been bedridden for years, died. He had heard much of our Saviour, but how far he had accepted Him we could not judge, but he did not refuse what was told him. After his death his relatives bogged an empty flour-barrel to put him in.

21st.—During the last few days I have been busy getting my things together for my Kikkerton trip; the ice is reported as being good. I hired fifteen dogs and a large sled and started, but as my baggage weighed about 500 lbs. we did not go very quickly. I arrived at Kikkerton on the fifth day, having had no accident beyond the overturning of my sled, through which I lost a few pounds of biscuit and my native lamp-wick. Fortunately I had other biscuit, and the wick was replaced by cutting strips from an old pocket and shredding it; so were none the worse for the loss. I was very kindly received on my arrival by Mr. Milne, the trader in charge, who provided me with board and lodgings until I had my *iglo* and church built by the Eskimo. These were not finished for four or five days, owing to some severe snow-storms. These being finished I sent my driver and sled back to Blacklead.

The church and *iglo* were built much smaller than I wanted, but by dividing up the people I managed all right. I had the children in the afternoon for reading and writing, the evening service for adults, and afterwards a class for adults, when they learnt reading, writing, and numerals. We finished generally by 10 or 10.30 p.m. I found that many of them could read and write very well and had not forgotten the instruction given in former years. The mornings I reserved for preparation and visiting. Some of the Eskimo were away from Kikkerton, wintering on an island a day's journey away; but the majority were at Kikkerton, and I was able to have a good time with them. They seemed glad of the visit and came along very regularly when called.

I found on my arrival that one of the children, a boy of about twelve years of age, had been playing with a

gun and managed to shoot himself in the knee. The shot had smashed the joint in such a manner as to make it useless for the future. I had medicines with me, and so was able to keep it clean and tidy, more I did not attempt to do. All the fragments of bone came away by themselves during the first fortnight of my stay, and the flesh slowly healed afterwards.

Kikkerton, March 2nd.—Had doors, or rather box-lids, fitted to my *iglo* and church in place of the snow-blocks I had used at first; this was much better. For a lock I borrowed a pair of handcuffs from the trader, and was able to handcuff my door up while out visiting. I afterwards managed to get a spring-lock in the place of the handcuffs. Locking the door is a necessity, for the dogs were fond of paying visits while I was away, and feasting on my lamp oil.

3rd.—Dull, grey day. Overhauled my goods for barter, and made it up into bundles for sale (the people get my goods and I get meat to eat and blubber for lamps). Also had my *iglo* lined with calico. Am quite comfortable now. Also had a run out for four or five miles on my *ski*, but soon had to return, as ice was not in good condition. In the evening visited, and attended to a man with bad ulcers.

5th.—On going out I found that during the night the weather had changed, so also had my *iglo*; for while I slept some Eskimo had rebuilt my *sakso* and fixed the doorway round the corner to checkmate the wind. It was some time before I could find out the builder to reward him.

13th.—During the last few days weather has been all right and seals fairly plentiful. The people still come along well for instruction. I am having some good times while visiting and reading to them; they seem very glad to see me and listen attentively. Patients also going on well. I had much trouble at first with my native lamps before I could work them all right. I generally managed to put them out, but after much instruction from the Eskimo I manage to get a decent heat from them.

18th (Sunday).—Bad snow-storm, but people came along as usual to service. I am feeling more at home in speaking to them now; I think they understand me. I generally go over my address with an Eskimo before giving it, and

am thus able to weed out most of the mistakes. The people have also been learning some new hymns. The Eskimo like this, although I am afraid strict time and tune is not always kept, but still it is not bad. I wish some of our English friends could pay us a visit and see our house and church, like two large beehives side by side, and hear the people singing our old familiar tunes. I am sure it would do their hearts good.

20th.—This was the first warm day, and as my roof was in a very bad state with several holes in it, I engaged two men to put a new roof on. They began at 9 a.m. and finished by 5 p.m. My *iglo*, half an hour later, was refurnished, ready for evening service.

26th (Sunday).—Another hot day. Part of my roof fell in during morning service; the remainder fell in during dinner, so I had my things taken to the trading station by permission of the trader. My church was in a shaky condition but held up, and a good number came for evening service.

27th.—Sled leaving for Blacklead today, sent letter by it, and had a *tupuk* put up for myself. Had just finished when my sled from Blacklead hove in sight, so I had to pack my things and get ready. I took leave of the people and was well away in the track of the other sled by tea-time. I reached the island where the other Eskimo were wintering by night, and found that the sled which had started earlier in the day was there also, so I was able to regain my letters and be my own postman. I got lodging for the night with an Eskimo family there. The *iglo* was rather small, and with me in addition to the others it was a tight fit, but all the warmer on that account, except when the dogs broke in during the night and stole the seal-meat. The ice was getting bad on account of the thaw which had set in, but the dogs were in good condition and the sled light, so in two days we reached Blacklead and had a good wash and a good meal.

April 8th.—There have been two accidents while I was at Kikkerton. The first was caused by a large block of ice by the shore breaking. One piece fell on a hunter as he was passing, and crushed him through the ice into the water; nothing more was seen of him. One hardly knows what to do to comfort the relatives at times like

these. The other accident was caused by a boy playing with, or throwing, a gun. It went off, and the bullet entered above the knee and passed out some six inches higher up. Fortunately the bone was not much damaged, and the boy will soon be about again.

16th.—The seal-hunters returned to prepare boats for whale-fishing; and on the 26th they departed, dragging the boats to the floe-edge, which is a good distance from here. Meanwhile the health of the people continues good, and the work amongst the people going on as usual.

May 12th.—We had our boat brought up to the house for repairs and to have a keel fitted. Mr. Sampson did the blacksmithing by our kitchen stove and turned out some decent rivets, while I was doing the wood-work. We also cut some old oars down and fitted them to ours. When the weather improves we intend scraping and painting her.

21st.—Spring set in and snow thawing a little. Mr. Sampson and myself took a day off and scraped and painted the boat; she was in a bad condition, but now looks decent and is ready for the water. We also had our *kyak* recovered with skin; thus all things are now ready for the ice to break up. The attendance at school is getting thin, for the men are away, and the children are after the birds with their bows and arrows day and night. Moss and lichen beginning to show now.

June 4th.—No whale caught, but plenty of seal-meat brought in weekly from the boats for the wives and children of the hunters. I also set the mustard and cress, and hope to get a crop in a few weeks' time.

10th.—Looked into the barrel in which some rhubarb had been set last autumn, and found it had started to grow at last; there was half an inch of red showing above the earth, so probably, if we wait with patience, we shall see leaves by Christmas. This barrel has caused much wonderment to the people. "Is it onions?" they say. What will they say when they see the plant?

This evening we had a musical party. Some seven or eight Eskimo came by special request to sing into Mr. Sampson's gramophone. They sang several things, some native songs, some Eskimo hymns; they sounded very well when reproduced by the machine (for the performers had strong lungs). The

Hope

singers were highly delighted when they heard their own voices reproduced, and said it was "indeed wonderful." They were sent home well satisfied with some nuts and biscuit, and now they greatly desire to sing again.

23rd.—Summer here now; people cooking out of doors, and ice in very bad condition. Very few sleds off, and no night now.

26th.—Ice broken up and going out. Mr. Sampson left to-day for his missionary trip to Signia. He did not get far the first day, as the ice came in with the tide and blocked him. The next day we caught sight of the boat fifteen miles down, working through the ice.

July.—During this month I was busy tarring, painting, and repairing house and church during the day, and teaching in the evening. There is always plenty to do here, which is a blessing, and one has very little time or desire to get despondent. A good number of white whales were caught here this month, and the people had continual feasts for a few days and severe pains

From the Ven. Archdn. J. A. Mackay, Battleford, North-West Canada.

Battleford, Nov. 30th, 1900

My work during the past year has been mainly itinerating. In last December I practically handed over the charge of Emmanuel College to the Rev. James Taylor, formerly of Sandy Lake Mission, and later on I definitely resigned my connection with that institution, so that my time is now altogether devoted to direct missionary work.

In December and January I visited the Battleford district and Sandy Lake.

In the early part of spring I spent a few weeks in Eastern Canada, chiefly in Ottawa, on business with the Indian Department in connection with our schools. While in the East, I also endeavoured so far as I had opportunity to interest our Church people in the Indian Mission work of the North-West, but found, as all others find who make similar efforts, that it is very difficult to obtain much sympathy or help.

After my return from the East, I again visited Sandy Lake and the Battleford district, extending my trip to Onion Lake.

In August I accompanied the Bishop on his visitation to Stanley Mission,

as the result, but they were soon all right again. Some of the older people have been coming to me after their day's work was done, to learn to read and count. I was amused one evening when, after I had corrected a word, the writer told me our way was wrong and her way was right, for she wrote as the word was pronounced. This is a promising pupil, I think.

Aug. 6th.—A smack arrived here from Peterhead, bringing our letters and some provisions. We went aboard as soon as she arrived, and were astonished to hear that there had been war in the world; we hope the next news will be that there is peace.

The Alert arrived here on the 20th, bringing the remainder of our things and many presents from our kind friends in the homeland. I was glad to welcome Mr. Peck back to the work amongst the Eskimo, on whom I believe God's blessing has rested during the past year, and who shows signs to encourage us in the work for the future.

from which station he returned while I proceeded to the Pelican Narrows.

For the past two months I have been in the Battleford district, itinerating on the different reserves.

In the course of the year I have also visited several times the Nepowewin, Sturgeon Lake, and St. James', South branch.

I will now endeavour to give some account of the work in the different Missions mentioned, beginning with the most eastern.

The Nepowewin.—This Mission is under the charge of the Rev. N. Williams, but Mr. Williams has a large district, so that each station under his charge receives his ministrations only occasionally, and as he has not acquired a knowledge of the Indian language, his work is carried on under great disadvantages. There is, however, no lack of voluntary lay help. The school teacher is a Native, one of my former pupils at Emmanuel College. He conducts Sunday services and also does such evangelistic work as his duties as teacher will allow. There are also voluntary helpers from among the Indians themselves. There are still a few Heathen, but Heathenism is

gradually dying out, and might soon disappear if earnest and efficient effort were put forth, for the Lord blesses earnest effort; but, inasmuch as He has honoured His human creatures by using them in His service, He does not make up for our lack of service.

St. James', South Branch.—This is now simply a Christian community. Every vestige of Heathenism has disappeared, and the people are advancing in civilization. It is with them as with white congregations, and as it will ever be in the Kingdom of Heaven here below—the tares are mingled with the wheat. The native pastor, the Rev. J. Badger, is faithful, but growing old and not so vigorous as in former years. He does occasional itinerating, and it is encouraging to note that when he is away the church is never closed. His son is a voluntary lay reader, and the chief also conducts services. Strong drink, unfortunately, has its victims here as elsewhere. The law is supposed to prohibit the entrance of liquor into an Indian reserve, and it imposes penalties on an Indian for using strong drink as well as on those who sell him or give him the drink, but the provisions of the law are easily evaded.

Sturgeon Lake.—There is no resident missionary at present on Sturgeon Lake Reserve, and the work is making very slow progress. When leaving Prince Albert, I asked the Rev. J. Badger to visit this place as often as he could from St. James'. Since then I have heard that the Romish priests are making strong efforts among the Indians on this reserve. They have numerous agents and apparently unlimited means, and with our failing resources it is difficult to extend or even keep up our work. Twelve miles north of Sturgeon Lake is a reserve for the Montreal Lake and Lac la Ronge Indians, to which they can come to settle when they feel that they can no longer make a living as hunters. It is a very good location and is well supplied as regards timber, water, farming, and hay land. There are three families now settled here, and, if they succeed in making a fair living, others will follow before long.

Montreal Lake.—Here the Indians are all old converts, most of them originally from Stanley Mission. A school-teacher and catechist is stationed

here, J. R. Settee, a son of the Rev. J. R. Settee, of Cumberland Mission, and a grandson of the now aged pioneer missionary, the Rev. James Settee. Mr. Settee is an ex-pupil of Emmanuel College, and he married, last summer, Catherine Hunt, also a pupil of the same institution. He is doing good work both as teacher and catechist, and his wife is a faithful helper.

Little Hills, or Lac la Ronge.—This station is in the district of Stanley Mission, and we have a teacher and catechist, Samuel Abraham, stationed here. The people are scattered, and there is in consequence only an irregular attendance at the school. There is still, however, I am thankful to say, the same spirit of earnestness in spiritual things among these people that so often cheered my heart when I laboured among them in years gone by. My desire now is to establish a boarding-school at Lac la Ronge for the benefit of the rising generation, and I am hoping to obtain the means from the Indian Department of the Canadian Government.

Stanley Mission.—This is still the headquarters of the district. Here the church is situated, and here the people still gather, from far and near, at stated times. The movement of population, however, in these parts, as the hunting resources of the country fail is towards the south, and, consequently there are fewer people now about Stanley than there were formerly. Eventually this Mission site on the Churchill River will probably be abandoned, and the headquarters of the Mission will be at Lac la Ronge. However, it matters very little where the location is. What we have reason to be thankful for is the continued earnestness of the people in spiritual things, notwithstanding the drawbacks and disadvantages attendant on their wandering mode of life. This is the only Mission in the Saskatchewan where we are not troubled by the emissaries of the Church of Rome, and this is something to be very thankful for.

Pelican Narrows.—Here we have a small body of converts who have remained faithful amidst a much larger population of Romanists. In August last I happened to be at Pelican Narrows when the Indian Department inspector was there to organize the band, only

lately admitted to treaty, and appoint a chief and head-men. These Indians, like most of the wood Indians, had no chiefs originally, and they were allowed to elect a chief and two councillors. The chief and councillors were elected from among our people, although a considerable majority of the voters were Romanists.

Sandy Lake.—This station is now in charge of the Rev. D. D. McDonald, as the Rev. James Taylor was removed to Emmanuel College towards the end of last year. The people on this reserve are advancing in civilization, and with faithful work we may look for continued progress both in temporal and spiritual things. There are also a few still Heathen, and a few miles north there are the Indians on the new reserve at Big River, who were formerly scattered at Stony Lake and other places. These are nearly all Heathen. A school-house has been erected, and we hope to open a school here in spring. At Sandy Lake, Louis Ahenukaw, one of my old pupils, still holds the position of school-teacher, and continues to carry on the work efficiently and faithfully.

Battleford District.—The Industrial School claims our first attention. It is entirely supported by the Government, but the management is practically altogether in our hands, subject, of course, to certain rules and also to Government inspection. There are about one hundred and thirty pupils here just now, and an excellent work is being carried on among them. The Principal, the Rev. E. Matheson, came out with me to Saskatchewan twenty-three years ago, and commenced work as school-teacher with Mr. Hines at Sandy Lake. He was appointed by us when the Government handed over the management of the school on the *per capita* system, and under his influence it has become a strong missionary centre. He has the assistance of an excellent staff, and Mrs. Matheson also, without assuming any official status, does a great deal of good in a quiet, unostentatious way. I was very much touched the other evening, in attending a prayer-meeting conducted by the pupils, to hear one of the boys praying for "the Archdeacon and his work among the Heathen on the reserves."

Red Pheasant's Reserve.—I com-

menced work among the Indians of this reserve in 1877, and they are now the most advanced in the Battleford district, both in Christianity and civilization. Some of the young people have been trained at the Industrial School, and they are beginning to form an element that we may hope will become increasingly influential for good. The Rev. R. Inkster still continues at this post, but his age and infirmities are such that we cannot expect a much longer continuance of his services.

Sweet Grass Reserve.—We have no resident teacher, but we have a few faithful people here, and the work is not without encouragement if we only had some one to take it up regularly. Some of the Indians are Romanists, and some are still Heathen.

Little Pine's Reserve.—Charles Demarais, one of my former pupils, is teacher and catechist here. The work is making some progress.

Thunderchild's Reserve.—The Rev. D. D. McDonald was stationed here before he removed to Sandy Lake. There is a Romish Mission close by. The school-teacher on this reserve has been employed in missionary work for a number of years, and he is doing very good work both as teacher and catechist, but we need an ordained missionary to superintend the work on this and the other reserves west of Battleford.

Moosomin's Reserve.—We had a school-teacher here formerly, but the school has been closed for some years, and very little has been done to evangelize the Indians. A few have been baptized by us, a few by the Romish priests; but most of them are still Heathen. A change, however, seems to be taking place in their attitude towards Christianity. A few days ago, as I was visiting them in their different habitations, one woman, a widow, said, "My son died last spring. He attended the school when he was a boy, and the teacher gave him a Prayer-book. He used to read it in English, and then tell us in Indian what it said. He was not baptized when he died, but he believed, and he said he was going to God. I intend to take your religion very soon, but I want to know more about it first. I have two children in the Industrial School; they are baptized, and we will all be Christians soon."

Another woman had a number of children around her, and when I took out my Cree hymn-book and began to sing a hymn, they all gathered about me without any fear or shyness. After I had sung one hymn, they said, "Sing again." I sang several hymns, and before I left the woman said, "I was very ill a short time ago, and while I was ill I made up my mind to become a Christian. We will all be Christians soon." Again, after I had offered prayer, an old woman said, "I liked so much to hear you pray." All this is so different from the apathy or even dislike with which often our message was received.

Union Lake Mission.—This station

From the Rev. J. Hines, Devon, North-West Canada.

Devon, Nov. 30th, 1900.

At this season of the year our people are scattered in many directions; but I have written a letter to every camp, telling them of your wishes and their privilege, and I have asked them all to unite in supplications and liberal offerings for the furtherance of the Master's Kingdom.

As I am in charge of the whole of this district, I shall briefly refer to all the stations in it. Beginning, then, at the east end of the district, I have to notice first Grand Rapids Mission. A country-born layman resides there, and, in addition to keeping the day-school, he acts as catechist, and conducts regular Sunday services. The work at this place is not very encouraging, from the fact that it fringes on civilization—that is, there are a number of fishing companies established near by, and steamboats ply frequently in summer between Grand Rapids and Manitoba, and the demoralizing influence that these have upon the Natives of the place is very painful to those who wish for better things. Mr. Isbister, the catechist in charge, does his work faithfully, and we must hope his labours will be blessed. We cannot judge of his work by what he accomplishes in the way of the moral improvement of the people; we must also take into consideration the depth of degradation these people might fall into were it not for his presence and influence among them; and to hold his own against such a torrent of vice is something for which we must be thankful.

has been now for several years under the charge of the Rev. J. R. Matheson, a brother of the Principal of the Battleford Industrial School. The work was at a very low ebb when he was appointed to the charge, and now, by God's blessing, it has become an oasis in the desert. Mr. Matheson and his talented and devoted wife have gathered around them a band of earnest helpers, like-minded with themselves, and in faith and in the power of prayer the work is going forward. There is a boarding-school with over forty pupils, and there is active evangelistic work carried on among the Heathen at different points in the district.

Coming west, the next station is Chemawawin, also called Cedar Lake. The Rev. C. J. Pritchard is stationed there, and he occasionally visits Grand Rapids and Moose Lake. His Indians live in the very midst of the rat-swamps, and ought to be fairly well off; but, alas! they are very poorly off, like the rest of the Indians in my district. There are various reasons for their poverty. First, the Hudson Bay Company, having the business of trade principally in their own hands, pay the Indians very little for their furs, and charge them most exorbitant prices for the goods they sell them; and secondly, their own stubborn persistence in ways of indolence and improvidence. They appear never so happy as when they possess nothing.

For the past twenty-five years not the slightest improvement socially has been made among these Indians. The desire of the post managers of the Hudson Bay Company is to keep them low, in order that they may have them under their complete control. They follow the Indians into their hunting-grounds and take possession of the furs as they kill them, and it is this sort of thing that prevents our people giving more liberally to the support of Church work than they otherwise would do. I asked one of the Company's employes, who has held an important position in this district for many years, a short time ago for an offertory, as to my knowledge he had only given one during the past ten years, and his reply was, "I will give no offertory to be sent out of the country," and when I asked

him to explain himself, he said he had heard that I sent out annually a contribution to the C.M.S., England!

The school at Chemawawin is well conducted by Mr. Hooker, an Englishman, and both he and his wife set a good example to those around them, socially and morally.

The next station is Moose Lake. A Mr. Thos. Bear (half-breed) is stationed there, in the double capacity of school-teacher and catechist. The Indians of this Mission are divided, half of them living on an island in the Lake, and their children derive no benefit from the school. There are only now two Heathen at this station, and only one at Chemawawin.

Devon is the next place to mention, and what shall I say? I feel at a loss to know what to write to you. It is true, the services are well attended, and quite a number of young people keep coming forward to join us at the Lord's Table; but, nevertheless, there exists very much sin in our midst. Truthfulness and honesty are virtues almost foreign to their nature, and I have no doubt this is the case with the majority of Indians in this district. These virtues are killed by their system of barter. One thing above all others bothers me much; it is this. I have only known one instance, during my eleven years' residence here among them, of an up-grown person expressing any concern about their sins when approaching death; no matter how profligate their lives may have been, they are all going to heaven when they die. They express no doubt about it, as well as having no fear of death before their eyes. There have been many, however, whose lives and humble dependence on Christ's finished work justified such confidence for their future happiness.

Another thing troubles me very much; it is this. The line of demarcation between the communicants and the ungodly professors of religion is so ill-defined. I frequently tell my communicants that if they would not associate with the vile and vicious in their convivialities, the vile and vicious would soon find themselves becoming conspicuous for their evil-doings, and would eventually become ashamed of themselves; but as it is, the fact of their associating with them encourages them in their evil ways. Only last

Communion Sunday I had to tell a number of my communicants not to present themselves at the Lord's Table for this very reason. The facts of the case are these: the Sunday previous I gave notice of Communion, and exhorted them all not to attend, during that week at least, any of those convivia, but to spend the week in close self-examination, and in much prayer to God, that they might be worthy partakers of that blessed sacrament. But what happened? A Romanist, in the Company's employ here, knowing what I had said, made a feast, which was accompanied by a dance. Most of the Indians at home were invited, and, as a matter of course with them, accepted the invitation, in spite of my admonitions. I hope my action in asking them not to come to the Lord's Table will have the desired effect.

Cumberland.—This Mission is under the care of the Rev. J. R. Settee. There is no day-school at Cumberland, on account of the migratory habits of the people; but steps are being taken to start one shortly. I have removed the teacher from Birch River settlement, which is a part of the Cumberland Mission, to Sturgeon River, another branch of the same Mission, as the settlement there is much larger. This agent is supported by funds other than C.M.S.

The two other stations, Shoal Lake and Red Earth, situated at the foot of the Pas mountain, are visited as usual by myself and Mr. Settee, he going in winter and I in summer. We have a day-school stationed at both places, and regular Sunday services are held by the teachers, assisted by native lay agents (unpaid). I have just received a letter from the teacher at Red Earth, the last remaining stronghold of Heathenism in this district, that six are candidates for baptism, and will most likely be baptized when Mr. Settee pays his December visit. I know the family well, and conversed with them a considerable time last October; both the husband and wife seemed greatly affected.

On the same visit I also met and conversed with this man's father, the leading Heathen of the place. In his usual bluff sort of way, he began by passing some remarks about how we both were getting grey. I assented, and asked if he duly considered what that indicated. His answer was given

in a vague sort of way, when I seized the opportunity to press the fact upon his attention that we were like the autumn fruit, rapidly mellowing, and, like them, we should soon fall to the ground and die. He assented to this truth. I then asked if he had any reliable idea of what his state would be after death. This was too much for him, and he answered me uncivilly; but, having him in hand, I pressed the matter still closer, and spoke to him of the folly of living in that state of uncertainty in which the Heathen did about their future life. I said, in worldly matters he knew how much better it was to be in a state of certainty than to be in a state of doubt; and if so in things pertaining to this brief life, how much more so in things pertaining to that everlasting life we are all bound to live hereafter. He admitted the wisdom of this. This man was once an interested hearer of the Word, and never missed my services when visiting that Mission; but he and others have now ceased to take any interest in Christianity at all.

In conclusion, just a word or two about the future of this Mission. The future—ah, who can tell? We seem to be on the eve of an approaching

From the Rev. R. Inkster (Country-born), Red Pheasant's, North-West Canada.

Red Pheasant's, Dec. 13th, 1900.

Shortly after writing my last Annual Letter, I received instructions to begin a series of visits to Little Pine's and Sweetgrass Missions in order not only to preach, but also to administer the Sacraments as occasion might require; there being no other clergyman available since the Rev. D. D. McDonald's removal to Sandy Lake. But this was almost an impossible task, especially in winter. In 1888-9 I had just that very work to perform, but at that time I resided in the town of Battleford, twenty miles nearer to the above-mentioned stations. The distance from Red Pheasant's to Little Pine's is sixty-two miles, and to Sweetgrass thirty-eight miles. I, however, made two visits to the latter place during the winter, and by the middle of April I commenced itinerating between the three Missions, one Sunday at Little Pine's and two Sundays at Red Pheasant's; then one Sunday at Sweetgrass and two at Red Pheasant's. I kept this up till about the middle of

railway, which is to pass through this very Mission on its way to Hudson's Bay. The Pas will, in the event of a railway becoming an accomplished fact, be an important place, as it is situated on the banks of the Great Saskatchewan. The produce from the great prairie regions will then be carried down both Saskatchewan and shipped at the Pas for Europe. Merchandise from Europe will be shipped to the Pas, to supply the wants of the ever-growing population of the West; but as Rome was not built in a day, neither do we expect the immediate realization of the state of things referred to above. There will be a transition state, and it will be during this transition stage that the moral, social, and religious strength of the native population will be severely tried. We therefore look forward with fear and trembling to the advent of the "iron horse," for with it will come the white man's liberty—liberty to import intoxicants for the destruction of the bodies and souls of others, as well as for the destruction of his own. And, knowing the weakness of the Indian race to readily fall a prey to the temptation of drink, we ask the prayers of the Society and all its friends on behalf of this Mission.

September, when it had to be dropped in order to prepare for and make the trip to Prince Albert, where the Diocesan Synod met on the 25th and 26th of the month. And now new arrangements have been made and are in successful operation.

Of the only two Indians who have not embraced Christianity included in this reserve, one, I have reason to believe, will not hold out much longer, for I notice that he is very frequently at church, and seems to attend to the things spoken very attentively. These people are, by no means loud in their profession of religion; the trouble seems often quite the other way—too much hiding under a bushel. But when once the ice breaks and I can draw a man out to talk on these topics and to give his opinion of the teachings of Jesus Christ as compared to the teachings of their old medicine-men, I invariably find that a good many have quite an intelligent grasp of the glorious plan of Salvation. As a rule the people are a church-going people, and when the

Sabbath is profaned, I very often find the blame could easily be placed on the right shoulders and not on the poor Indian himself; i.e. as regards hunting for stock, there seems always to be an excuse for getting the cattle gathered together on the Sabbath day. At the present time the Archdeacon of the diocese, the Ven. J. A. Mackay, is in the district, and is to be hoped will, with the blessing of God, be productive of great good. The "tea dance," however, is still well patronized by many, while the majority of our communicants, with commendable consistency, stand aloof of it, and I think it will be conceded that this is saying a great deal for our converts, and is a cause for gratitude to God.

In conclusion, I will freely admit

From the Rev. D. D. Macdonald (Country-born), Sandy Lake, N.-W. Canada.

Sandy Lake, Nov. 30th, 1900.

I left the Mission on Thunderchild's Reserve for this place on November 1st, 1899. We arrived here on November 8th after a pleasant trip over the prairie, and found this Mission in very good condition. On my arrival I opened service, and for the first time since my ordination I held service in a church under my own care, as all my labour had been given among the Heathen when we had no regular place of worship; and holding services under these circumstances, and speaking to a regular Christianized congregation of Indians, I was able to thank God and take courage, and when I heard the hearty responses of the people I felt thankful to our Almighty Father that so much progress had been made by our Society, though not by their own strength, but through and by the grace of God.

After spending one or two Sundays here I went up to Big River, an outstation of this Mission, and there the work is something similar to what I had been used to on Thunderchild's Reserve. We have some Christians there, i.e. Big River, but Heathenism is still very great, and the Heathen element is greatly opposed to schools and Christianity; however, more of that after.

After I had been here for a week a meeting was called to find out the routine of work pursued. I found there were churchwardens and vestry appointed, and that the Holy Communion was

that I have given up the attempt to do any work among the Assiniboines on the adjoining reserve. While we had a school teacher there, there certainly was a fair prospect that in the course of time the rising generation could be taught the elements of Christianity through the medium of the English language; but the day-school was discontinued in order that the children might be received at the Industrial School, but not many, that I am aware of, have been received there since the breaking up of the school on the reserve. I earnestly recommend that the Society place a teacher on the reserve, who might also learn the language, which is a very difficult one to learn.

administered four times during the year: at these Sundays an offertory is taken up; part of this offertory is used to defray the expenses of funerals, making of coffins, and part is sent for our general purpose fund; and the offertory taken during one Sunday in Epiphany is sent to the Society supporting the Mission—C.M.S.

On my first Communion Sunday fifty-eight communicants partook, and I had to give the Sacrament to some sick folk who were not able to attend, making a total of sixty-two communicants who received on that day.

The services throughout the year are very well attended, and in summer the Indians camp near the church, boil their kettles, and have dinner, when they are again ready for evening service. Before evening service we have Sunday-school, children and young people attending very well.

My time through the week is taken up with work round the Mission, and visiting the sick, &c. I have recently started a service in private houses every Wednesday evening, meeting in this house this week, and in another the week following. It's a way to get at those who do not attend a regular Sunday service, and the people like it very much; also it will be a means of catechizing the old who do not attend Sunday-school. There are a few of our people on the far end of the Lake who prefer keeping away altogether, but I hope by God's help to get some of them back.

Our day-school is attended by nearly all the children who can get here. Of course there are some too far away to come; all we can do for them is to try and induce them to attend our boarding-schools at some distance from here. We had some candidates, but the Bishop not being able to reach us we had to defer it till spring, when we hope to have him here. The Venerable Archdeacon John A. Mackay paid us three visits this summer and strengthened our hands, as the people are always so glad to see him, as they say he sympathizes with them in their little drawbacks.

We had a loss in our forces this fall. Our lay reader, Simon Apachan, died, leaving us without any help except the teacher, who is also a catechist. Simon died in the faith and love of God, praying that he might be taken to rest with Christ, which is far better.

We had several deaths, but the births outnumbered the deaths, so that our Indians in this Mission are, if anything, on the increase.

From the Rev. J. R. Matheson, Onion Lake, North-West Canada.

Onion Lake, Jan. 4th, 1901.

The whole year seems to have been one of unmixed blessing; my own health and strength is perfectly restored. Our school has grown so much that now I have to hire another teacher and fix up another room for a schoolroom.

It is evident I shall have to build a new school next summer. We have greatly enlarged and improved our premises this summer.

We have not had any baptisms of adult heathen this year, although several talk about it, and there is an evident improvement in the welcome they all give the missionary. It seems to me such a vast change from my first visit to them, when they drove away the women and children from round the tent where we were, and even went so far as to tell me directly they wanted to hear nothing of the Gospel—would listen to none of "the white man's religion, as they saw enough of it whenever they went where the white man was." Now they eagerly crowd around and ask questions, and cordially invite the missionary "to come again and come soon."

Then, when they come in to this station, they come to church and visit and talk with us about religion.

Heathenism at Big River is still great, and as we have nobody stationed there as yet, our Indians have to contend alone against it, and it is very trying for them, as they are not yet firmly grounded in the faith; but it is wonderful how they do persevere. It was our Secretary's intention to get a man there this fall, but through some mistake of the Indian officials it failed. The Department for Indian Affairs built us two schools this summer, one here and one at Big River, and having a school-house there (Big River) the Indian Christians are looking forward to having their children taught, and when we do get a man there it will simplify matters. I can only visit them and give them a sermon once a month, as I have to be here for Sunday, and what the people require is regular Sunday services. The Heathen still keep their dances, and it is hard for our people to keep away, as they have nobody with them to advise.

They were in from all round at Christmas. It was quite an undertaking to get from the door of the church to the chancel without stepping over someone. We had altogether a very happy time. How different from that endured by some of our fellow missionaries at the same time.

There seems marked spiritual improvement (would God it were more) among us in the whole Mission.

Each Wednesday night we have simultaneous prayer-meetings in three different places on the Reserve. On Friday night our Sunday-school teachers' meeting; while Sunday is well taken up with one Cree service and one in English, besides, of course, the Sunday-school.

Then, of course, the visiting of them in their homes, and—not the least by any means—the medical branch of our work. I can hardly see how we could get along without that part. Broken legs or arms, surgical operations, and the different ills that flesh is heir to just fairly keep our doctor on her feet all the time.

God has blessed me above most missionaries in the consecrated, whole-souled staff of workers he has given.

The staff is made up as follows Two

young women (Natives) trained in this school and the Battleford Industrial School, and who prefer to cast their lot in with us, and they do indeed give a great help. One of them teaches the junior classes at present, and the other is invaluable in the kitchen and general housework. Both are so quiet and steady and willing, real Christians. Then there are three white ladies, two of them from Ontario, the other from Birmingham, England. Of these three, I can only say that in the most practical, whole-souled, consecrated manner possible they have given themselves soul and body and heart to the work, and have made the work carried on by us here at all practicable, let alone the success and blessing it is.

Then I have two young men (white, though Natives) and both experts in the Cree language. One of them, a Mr. Fraser, I intend to send to Wycliffe College, Toronto, next summer. The other, Mr. Young, just takes charge of the outside work, teaming, stables, wood, &c., and, by the way, a very important part too. He is of a family of missionaries, his grandfather being the famous Rev. Geo. Macdougall of the Methodist Church, and his uncle is to-day and for many years past has been the superintendent of Indian Missions (Methodist) throughout this vast North-West Territories.

Then there is the school-teacher—an excellent lady from Ontario—very willing and capable. I am likely to lose her

services soon and will have to hire another.

Then there is our doctor. "If she were not so closely related to me (being my wife), I could feel free to say all we owe to her and her work, but as it is I must say nothing.

Thus altogether I have a staff of five ladies and two men, besides the school-teacher and the doctor, or altogether nine helpers, and every one of them, except the school-teacher, came here unsolicited and entirely of their own free will and without the hope or promise of a cent of wages other than board and lodgings.

We are now over sixty souls in the home, so you can see that the little mission building of eight years ago, measuring 18 by 24 ft., would be rather small to hold us all. We have never lacked for room or food or any other good thing. The Lord provides for "all our needs" and a thousand luxuries besides.

The year opens brightly and gives promise of greater blessing. Health and strength, a full home, and a full store of all temporal necessities and a people willing to listen to the message.

Not the smallest of our blessings the high moral character and example and the Christian fellowship of our white neighbours. They are, unfortunately, very few in number, but are a marked contrast to our first experiences here, and that of other missionaries still in all parts of the world.

From the Rev. A. de B. Owen, Fort McLeod, North-West Canada.

*St. Paul's Mission, Macleod,
Dec. 11th, 1900.*

I have just returned from Eastern Canada, where I have done a good deal towards arousing interest in our work.

I would again bear testimony to the faithful and efficient work of my staff, a work which is having a marked effect on the children under our care. In general behaviour, bright obedience, and conscientious work, we find marked advance, and our Government inspector gives great credit to both workers and scholars.

In regard to spiritual advancement, we all feel that the Indian nature is a very difficult one to fathom, but distinctly feel that some of our children have given their hearts to the Lord Jesus, and others thinking seriously. We have many discouragements, but I

see brighter days ahead. Already a very sincere clergyman in Eastern Canada has told me of his willingness to come and work on the reserve, and I hope his way may be made plain, for this is one of our most pressing needs.

Mr. Wood is faithfully trying to master the language, and is working as a lay reader under me; but what is one among so scattered a people?

The health of our children is very materially improved, especially by some operations performed by Dr. Lafferty, of Calgary, and also owing to the improved vegetable diet. In friendliness we are finding many of the Indians advancing, and some are making earnest inquiries after better things.

I hold a service each Saturday afternoon, at which one of the children does

the interpreting. These we find very interesting. Emma, one of our eldest girls, was taken from us, and died triumphing over our last Enemy and rejoicing in her Saviour.

From the Ven. Archdn. J. W. Tims, Sarcee Reserve, North-West Canada.

Sarcee Reserve, Jan. 31st, 1901.

There seems very little to report upon this year so far as the work at this station is concerned. There has been an increase of three in our ranks by baptism during the year. There has been no decrease except through the death of three young people: a lad of seventeen, and two girls of sixteen and seventeen years of age. The girls especially were well prepared, and to the end showed strong faith in our dear Lord and Saviour. Alas! that we should lose so many of our brightest Christians in this way, but consumption is so prevalent amongst our people that we have to be prepared to see a large percentage of the young people taken from us through this disease.

The Indians whom I baptized here in the past have remained faithful, and are regular attendants at our services.

There has been a great deal of dancing amongst the Sarcee Indians during the past year, and when the dances are going on it is impossible to get the heathen Indians to listen to anything. The dances seem to arouse within them a spirit of recklessness and dissoluteness opposed to all that is good.

Our Christian Indians are the best workers on the Reserve, and almost every Sunday they contribute to the weekly collection taken up at the service.

St. Barnabas' Home is reduced in numbers, five boys having been drafted into the Calgary Indian Industrial School. The work in the Home has called forth the highest praise of the Government Inspector, and the spiritual tone is good also.

From the Rev. S. J. Stocken, St. John's Boys' Home, Blackfoot Reserve, North-West Canada.

Gleichen, Jan. 23rd, 1901.

Although this is my first report of the work here, yet I would like to say I am by no means a stranger to these poor Indians, having joined my brother (Canon Stocken) in the work here as long ago as 1887. Since then I have been engaged a great part of the time both among the Blackfoot and the Sarcees. I have always loved and

Owing to Mr. Yeoman's indefatigable work, our buildings are much improved, and the Government has plastered quite a large portion, making them much warmer and brighter.

Last winter I took Sunday evening services regularly at the Calgary Industrial School, during the Principal's absence in England, and since then have continued services monthly in Blackfoot. The forty boys being trained there at Government expense vary in age from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and are all drafted there from our Mission boarding-schools.

I have twice visited the Peigan Indians since my last letter, and on each occasion I administered baptism to a number of Indians. The Bishop has also visited them, and confirmed nine of those whom I mentioned as having been baptized in my last report. The Peigan Christians have subscribed fifty dollars for a small American organ for their services, and have in other ways contributed to the needs of the work there. About a hundred Indians were present at each of the services I held. There are sixty-two baptized. The work is being carried on by a lay-missionary formerly a teacher at the Blackfoot Reserve, and now paid out of local funds.

With the assistance of James Knowlton, a Peigan Indian, I have translated the Litany during the year, and revised the "Readings from Holy Scripture," which is now in the hands of S.P.C.K. to be printed in the new syllabic character.

The work throughout this diocese (Calgary) taken as a whole is most encouraging just now. God's work is manifest amongst the Indians, and the harvest time would appear to be at hand. God grant it to be so!

taken a deep interest in the C.M.S. ever since my early schooldays, and therefore feel very proud now to become one of its actual missionaries.

My chief work here is among the boys as principal of this home, which I took charge of last June, on the resignation of the Rev. C. H. P. Owen. We have twenty-two boys under our charge, varying in age from six to fifteen years, and

during the few months I have been amongst them the work has been very encouraging and progressive. As we assemble every morning and evening for prayers in the school-room, it is indeed most interesting to watch the marked attention with which the children listen to the Bible truths, and frequently, as I take them up into their dormitories, they will keep me there for some time asking me many earnest questions, and only a short while ago nine of them expressed a desire for baptism.

My work in a home of this kind is of course very varied. Both indoors and out of doors one is kept exceedingly busy all day with all kinds of manual work, together with frequent visits from the Indians in camp, to whom time is of no value, but who love to come and chat on things in general. With God's help and teaching, however, these chats often lead to real spiritual blessing.

Our little dispensary, which is under

From the Rev. G. Holmes, Lesser

Slave Lake, Dec. 31st, 1900.

My last Annual Letter was written under a dark cloud of discouragement, owing partly to the adverse result of the treaty in depriving our Children's Home of its support grant from the Indian Department, and partly to the wholesale importation of liquor, which has deprived the majority of these poor Indians of every dollar they received from the Government. Now we can sing our "Te Deum" for the wonderful way in which God has caused these things to turn for the furtherance of the Gospel and the increase of our feeble faith. Instead of retrenching, as we feared would be the case, we have bounded forward in numbers, both in church and school, more than in any previous year. And though the Indians are poorer in every way than before the treaty, I believe it is more advantageous to their spiritual good and the progress of the work. With the squandering of their money in "fire-water" and other useless things, has died away the unhealthy excitement and recklessness which the possession of it caused. Last year, at this time, they were living like lords on their own estates; to-day they are on the verge of starvation.

The whisky smugglers, who are responsible for so much of the evil that attended the treaty, and who were too

the care of Miss Collins, is also a means of much blessing. Seldom a day ever passes without one or more Indians calling in for medicine, when they are pointed to the Great Physician of souls.

On Sunday we have two regular services. In the morning I hold a full Church of England service in English with sermon, when all the boys and staff are present, with sometimes a few camp Indians also. In the afternoon the service is entirely in Blackfoot when several outside Indians are also present. It is held in turn by our two catechists, Paul and David, both of whom speak very earnestly.

Beside my regular work here among the Indians, during the greater part of the year, I hold regular fortnightly services in our little church in Gleichen, about ten miles from here, among the settlers, which is much enjoyed, the little church being sometimes overcrowded.

Slave Lake, North-West Canada.

long allowed to defy all law and authority, have, I am thankful to say, been brought to book. In the month of September last, four parties were convicted and fined one hundred dollars each.

One of the chief events of the year was the opening of our new Boys' Home, which the money subscribed by kind friends in England during our furlough enabled us to build. In size it is 22 by 35 feet, with lower and upper stories. The existence of a saw-mill and planing-machine made the work much less tedious and laborious—if a little more expensive—than in previous years, when logs and mud (clay) were used for walls, and all the boards had to be sawn by the hands of the Natives. Together, with the original building, of which it forms a wing, it looks quite an imposing edifice for this part of the country. It is one of the first of its kind, and quite a novelty to the Indians. But better than its novel appearance is the fact that it stands clear of debt, and affords ample accommodation for fifty scholars, though the question of funds for its maintenance, and perhaps the feebleness of our faith, sets the limit at thirty-eight for the present.

The Indian Commissioner has recently notified us that a grant of seventy-two dollars *per capita* has been made for fifteen scholars, providing

they are treaty children, of which we have only one. The other thirty-seven are all deprived of the grant—their parents having chosen the half-breed “scrip” instead of treaty, and the Indian Department make no provision for the education of these.

Being unable to take advantage of this offer brings us face to face with a serious crisis in this important branch of our work. But our eyes are unto the Lord, and our expectation is from Him, and not from the Indian Department, though it may eventually come through them.

One very touching case came to our notice in connection with our work amongst the young. A poor woman from Whitefish Lake, whose little boy was in the Home for two winters, and who died during our furlough, told us how comforted she felt about the death of her son. “I could not fret about his death,” she said; “because he died so happy, telling us not to cry for him, because he would soon be with Jesus, where he would soon be well.” This was a most encouraging testimony, especially from this particular boy, who was always regarded as the dullest boy in the Home. “Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.”

Amongst the many causes which call for thankfulness is the faithful and untiring zeal of our co-workers in the Home, Mr. C. D. and Mrs. White, and Miss Durnall, who do the whole of the work, including cooking and teaching. Many schools in the North-West have their staff of six or seven workers for a less number of children.

The failure of our vegetable crop, owing to an over-abundance of rain, has this year been a great drawback. Never before have we had to buy potatoes.

On the occasion of the Bishop and Mrs. Young's visit in June last, we had the joy of presenting twenty-nine candidates for confirmation, chiefly those who had been received into the Church since the advent of 1900.

The restoration to health and return to the diocese of our dear Bishop and Mrs. Young, and our meeting together in Synod, was, I need hardly say, a

cause of joy and thankfulness to us all, as well as a time of refreshing and mutual blessing.

Our church services, I am thankful to say, have been better attended and more encouraging than ever before. The number of communicants is far from being what it ought to be out of a congregation of 112, yet they have risen from fourteen to thirty-five within the last year. One of the discouraging features about our Church is the backwardness of the Natives to respond to appeals towards self-support, the chief cause being, no doubt, the lack of a deeper work of grace in their hearts by the power of the Holy Spirit.

As far as we can judge from the improvident nature of these Indians—the present generation at least—the possibility of self-support lies in the dim distance. The children growing up in our schools will be impressed and educated to feel it—their Christian responsibility to support their own Church,—but the old people are slow to see, and difficult to convince, that missionaries are not as rich as the Government or the Hudson's Bay Company.

Owing to the heavy responsibility in connection with the Home, and the growth of our congregation, my time for itinerating is every year more limited; but, at the Bishop's request, I visited Shaftebury Mission, Peace River, Whitefish Lake, and Wapuskaw. Several of the Peace River Indians, in fact nearly all the Treaty Indians, have joined our Church either publicly or in profession.

Whitefish Lake is a most encouraging field, and now almost entirely Christian and Protestant, and about the only place in the diocese where the Roman Catholic priests have left us to ourselves.

My impression is, with regard to this end of the diocese, that we are only just beginning to realize the result of our fourteen years of hard plodding and ploughing. The walls of Heathenism, religious error, and rank prejudice are falling down before the sound of the Gospel “trumpets.” And there are already a goodly number of “Rahabs,” we trust, safe under the blood of Jesus.

From the Rev. W. G. White, White Fish Lake, North-West Canada.

Whitefish Lake, Nov. 30th, 1900.

I wound up my last Annual Letter by saying that we hoped to have a New

Year's tree, and I am happy to say that our hopes were realized. And so on New Year's day we gave a plate of

beef with bread and tea to all comers, and none failed to come. Then in the evening the tree, the first ever exhibited here, called forth many exclamations of pleasure and astonishment, prettily decked out as it was with presents given chiefly by kind friends in England and Canada. We gave each child, woman, and old man one or two useful presents. The whole settlement came, but some told me afterwards that on coming to the door of the mission room they found it crowded and so reluctantly went home.

About the middle of January Mr. Johnston, of Wapuskaw Mission, a good Cree speaker, paid us a welcome visit. We had talks with many of the people on their special difficulties; and the fact that Heathenism and all its superstitions must be renounced if they wished to please God was put before them very plainly.

On January 21st we had much joy in baptizing three persons from Heathenism, and in receiving nine persons into the Protestant faith, these latter practically Heathen, although they had been baptized at some time by priests without any subsequent instruction.

On January 25th I started out for Fish Lakes with two dog trains, as I heard there were very few fish to be got there, and as the trails were very bad from the great quantity of snow that had fallen. On this journey of 120 miles one gets a good idea of what a country of lake, *muskeg* (plains), and bush this part of Athabasca is; as we cross five lakes, each about three miles square, before reaching Fish Lakes, two long narrow pieces of water in a most uninviting-looking country of scrubby spruce, a fire having swept through here about a year ago, has made things look certainly blacker. Here I found four large families, mostly Heathen, living entirely by fishing and hunting. They say this is the first visit they have had from a white man. I stayed a night in each of the three largest houses, having interesting talks about the Gospel, besides morning and evening prayers. One night I spent under the roof of the old man who killed the *Wetigo* at Trout Lake five years ago, and from his pleasant manner and hospitable ways one could scarcely realize that terror and superstition had driven such a fine-looking man to

commit such a terrible deed. As fish were very scarce and no food to be got, my visit unfortunately had to be a hurried one.

Early in February I opened a day-school, and was glad to be able to continue it for two months; a cup of tea and a piece of bread and dripping at noon each school-day helped the children to forget their hunger to which some of them are no strangers. This was the first day-school ever held here. Had an average attendance of thirteen.

Towards the end of February Mr. Holmes passed through on his way to Wapuskaw, and the Indians turned up well at the two Sunday services. And on February 25th we partook of the Communion for the first time in our little church, there being eight communicants.

About the middle of March Messrs. Holmes and Johnston passed through on their way to Lesser Slave Lake, and gave magic-lantern exhibitions to our people which were much appreciated.

During the month of April I was busy getting logs out of the bush. And hard work both men and horses found it as the snow was nearly four feet deep on the level. Whip-sawing boards and making shingles by hand, the latter a tedious and expensive job, kept us employed until the arrival of the carpenter, whose services I was fortunate enough to secure; then we set to work to add a chancel to the church, to put window frames into the mission-house, and to make many other necessary improvements about the Mission buildings. This work kept us going till the first week in June.

On April 15th an old man and his wife came forward quite of their own accord to be received as members of the Protestant Church. On June 19th when Mr. Scott, of Veynillion, and my sister, just out from England, were paying us a short visit, a Heathen, an energetic hunter, presented himself and his family of six for baptism. It was with hearts full of gratitude to God that we held a short evening service, and were glad to see some of the friends come to witness the baptisms.

From the beginning of July until the middle of September we experienced a remarkably wet season, the rivers and lakes rising to such an extent as to alarm even the Indians. I was most thankful to have been able to take

Mrs. White and the children into Lesser Slave Lake before the worst wouther set in. On returning alone to visit the Mission I found the place a swamp, and the horse I rode on, though a tall and powerful animal, was almost forced to swim two of the creeks we crossed.

On September 13th a young man, who had been in the Home at Lesser Slave Lake, died after a painful illness. He had had influenza badly and was apparently improving, when his father most unwisely took him off into the bush some distance where his eldest son had killed a moose, thinking I suppose that the meat would bring him health and strength, but instead of that he got worse, and when they brought him in here I found him suffering much with peritonitis, and scarcely able to speak or take any interest in anything. Mrs. White, the children, and myself went over and had service with him the Sunday before he died. The poor old father said, "If you can cure him I promise you he shall go to church every Sunday and never miss."

From the Rev. C. Weaver, Wapuskaw, North-West Canada.

Wapuskaw, Oct. 14th, 1900.

We began school for the winter with twelve boarders and two day-scholars. We are systematically teaching them the Commandments, the Creed, and verses such as John iii. 16, in both Cree and English. They are making good progress in English.

Last January Mr. Holmes visited us, and spent about eight days here. While here, a married Francis Ansey, father of one of the girls that I have had so many winters from Trout Lake, came through on business for the Hudson Bay Company, and Mr. Holmes admitted him with his son and daughter to the Church. He is a very fine man, and did not make the move rashly, but after serious consideration. During the summer he was working for the Company freighting, and the priest met him, and told him his son was sick and going to die as a punishment to him for changing his religion. When he got home, he called me in to see the child. I asked the woman if I might pray first, so I took the prayer for a sick child, then I gave it medicine, and told her we used medicine as one of God's good gifts, but God only cures the child.

A sad thing occurred. An old Soto half-breed lost his three eldest children

To us used to cleanliness, quiet and comfort in the sick room, to see a dying Indian in his ordinary clothes and moccasins wrapped in a blanket and the *tepee* full of people, there is something peculiarly sad. But it is at these times that God's Word is listened to attentively and that the head is reverently bent when supplication goes up for the sufferer's soul and body.

During October three heathen men, who have been prayed for much and often spoken to both by myself and missionary brethren visiting here, came with those of their families who had not been already baptized, for baptism. One man especially spoke out well in his answers during the baptismal service, an unusual thing for a bush Indian, as they generally answer in a very low tone.

Again, on November 18th, I was privileged to baptize a young woman from Heathenism, and to receive a man, his wife, and two children into the Protestant faith. Three native baptized adults have died during the year.

in three months. The son, a young married man of about twenty-two, died of consumption. He lay sick several months, and as the end drew near, called me in to pray and read to him several times a day. Just before dying, he called us all to him to say good-bye. He told his mother not to grieve for him; he trusted in Jesus, and was not afraid to die. He also told his parents to attend church regularly, and said he wanted his little girl to be put to the Mission as soon as she is old enough. This death gave us encouragement. He was buried in May. In July the two girls were drowned in a storm on the lake. Three girls went across the lake berrying, and coming back, as they were out between two points, a great wind-storm arose and struck their frail canoe, and all were drowned. Two men, each in small birch-bark canoes, were on the lake at the time and only just succeeded in landing. These men were strong, skilful paddlers, and the girls were three of them in a small canoe only big enough for two. Margaret, the younger of the two, was one of our scholars, so on July 23rd we had a double funeral.

In July I attended the Synod at Lesser Slave Lake. I met most of the

ministers in the diocese. I also saw the work done in the Home there, and was pleased and surprised to hear a number of children read and answer questions on the Bible in English.

From the Rev. A. J. Warwick, Fort Chipewyan, North-West Canada.

Chipewyan, Jan., 1901.

It is with great pleasure that I write this, my second Annual Letter since my appointment to this place. There are many causes for thankfulness as well as causes for sorrow.

We are thankful because of the regular attendance of our people at Sunday services, and also at Holy Communion, prayer-meetings and Bible-classes.

The majority of the people attend church on Sundays twice, and any week-day service we hold, we are sure to have present nearly all the people who are in the settlement.

The fishermen and hunters will come in for Sunday a distance of twenty to twenty-five miles, and return on the Monday. Most of the young men are off fishing during the latter part of the fall and the first half of the winter, and they always manage to be in for Sunday.

The prayer-meetings we hold every Thursday evening during the cold months, from October to April, are very well attended.

The Bible-classes, one for women and the other for men, are held on Sunday evenings. Mrs. Warwick has kept hers going continually since we came, missing but few Sundays. I started the men's class this winter, and it is very satisfactory. At first we had but few members, but I am glad to say that the number is increasing. The women's class is taking the journeys of St. Paul, and the men's, the Gospel of St. John, with Bishop Ryle's commentary.

I am much pleased at the regular attendance at Holy Communion, which we have about four or six times during the year, and we can always reckon on having twenty to twenty-five, out of a total of thirty communicants.

We have had two extra collections this year towards church expenses, and we collected \$67.25, with which we have paid for the thorough cleaning and whitewashing of the church, painting and improvements round the churchyard. We have \$51 in hand for

Several of these children were ones I myself started with the alphabet when I first came out, and was teaching for Mr. Holmes. This gave me encouragement for my own work.

future expenses. This is the first time, I think, that the Church has met the expenses of improvements out of its own funds. Our annual collection for C.M.S. and B. & F.B.S. is the largest yet taken in this church for any object. We took \$71 which is to be divided between the two societies.

As regards the Romanist Indians and half-breeds, they are well disposed towards us; this, I think, is mostly owing to Mrs. Warwick's knowledge of medicine which she has as a qualified nurse. She has many friends amongst them and they will come and ask her advice on many subjects.

In the mission-field, as in the home-work, success depends a great deal on the labours of the ladies. They have access where a man is a stranger, and if they have a knowledge of medicine, though this alone I have known to be of less influence than the knowledge of nursing.

There must be with this knowledge a sympathetic and loving spirit, which is much fostered in the nursing home. I believe that the missionary societies cannot speak too highly of the work done by the missionary's wife. My sister, who has helped us so much in the work, is now leaving us. We shall miss her very much indeed, and do not know exactly how we shall manage alone.

We have had the pleasure of other missionaries' company as they have passed through during the year. The Bishop and Mrs. Young stayed with us a few days, on what perhaps is their last visit to the Missions. We are very sorry to lose them. They are both much loved by all the labourers and the congregations throughout the diocese.

We also had the Rev. J. R. Lucas and Mrs. Lucas whom we succeed here. They stayed with us about three weeks. Then Archdeacon Lofthouse, accompanying the Government surveying party, stayed in Chipewyan over a month waiting for the snow.

We are glad to get the opportunity of hearing other voices in our church,

and it is good for our people to get a change also. We all liked the Arch-deacon. His sermons were so helpful,

and he himself was much liked by the people. They say of him, "He is a fine man."

From the Rev. T. J. Marsh [Canada Assoc.], Hay River, North-West Canada.

St. Peter's Mission, Hay River,
Dec., 1900.

When the mail left here last December we had been enjoying for a few days the great pleasure of a visit from our warm friend Dr. J. E. Brown, of Stratford. During his stay with us he did everything within his power to render us any assistance possible, both in the way of doctoring, and also by giving much helpful information regarding the drugs in store and the way to treat the most prevalent diseases in our community. To our universal sorrow he had to leave us on December 26th, but his influence did not cease with his departure, for his many kind words, both to us and others regarding our work, have been great sources of strength and encouragement.

Next comes Christmas, and I cannot do better than copy the item inserted in the journal after the day was over. Christmas Day was glorious as regards the weather, and beyond all question it was the happiest Christmas ever spent at Hay River.

When the ice broke up and navigation opened, all our mining neighbours, to whom we had become greatly attached, took their departure for the regions beyond the Rockies, and now we have no near white neighbours other than the people of the Roman Catholic Mission.

Perhaps the most important event of the year, from our standpoint, was the arrival of the steamer on July 5th with its light but welcome burden of women helpers. How great was our need of help, few of our friends seem able to comprehend, and even now, although there are actually four white women here, we feel that they are scarcely equal to half their task. We have to-day thirty boarding pupils in our school, sixteen of them boys and fourteen girls. Of these fourteen girls only four are either old enough or capable of doing any housework, and they, be it remembered, are Indian girls, born in the woods, let run in filth and dirt until they are sent here under our care, so that even when they have learned how to work and be useful

they still need constant and careful watching to keep them up to the standard of an ordinary white child. Besides these we now have our own little one, who takes up some of her mother's time, and also the washing, ironing and mending for our three male helpers takes its share of time; for it must not be forgotten that there are no laundries within a thousand miles of us, no seamstress to be had for a month on a moment's notice, no nurse to be called by telephone if any one is sick, and nothing to do but double up the work when someone's health compels them to fall out of line for a few days or weeks as the case may chance to be. Fancy four mothers outside, with eight children each, and only one of those children able to lend even a child's helping hand, and you begin to picture our position!

This same steamer which brought our helpers, had on board the new Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, successor to Mr. Camsell, who has served the company faithfully in this district for forty years or thereabouts. Thus while losing Mr. Camsell we are glad to welcome one in his place of whom I have heard many good reports, and whose acquaintance I had made long years since, and in whom, I believe, our Mission, as well as ourselves, has found a warm friend.

This summer has seen the beginning of a change in our Indians as well, for on July 27th the Government made treaty with them at Resolution, and it has almost turned their heads, for they have all had money, real actual money, to spend, and some of them seemed to have the idea that they ought to be able to buy quite a large slice of the earth with a very few dollars, although many of them had never seen a piece of money of any sort until after the influx of miners.

On August 25th our good Bishop made his annual visit and brightened us up a bit, which he usually does with his kind words of counsel and encouragement, and his large fund of amusing stories. He brought ten new scholars and a widow with him for our Institute, and two others came on

the return trip of the steamer, so our work was greatly increased.

It was not until September 8th that the steamer returned bringing our year's supplies, and the bales so kindly sent by our faithful friends of some few branches of the W.A.

At this time we had the pleasure of welcoming, both to our home and the Diocese, the Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Lucas, who for the past few years have been labouring at Fort Chipewyan under Bishop Young. They were then on their way to Fort Simpson, where they are to be stationed for the time being. The steamer remained over Sunday in our harbour, and as we had both our Bishop and Mr Lucas here we had quite a delightful Sunday, and such a rest and treat for me. The Bishop addressed the Indians, both morning and afternoon, and Mr. Lucas preached to the whites in the evening, and being a musician he kindly played the little organ, giving our service such a homelike ring.

This brings the general doings of the year almost to a close, and now we are entering the long, cold winter again. Our fish catch this fall was a great disappointment to us, as we only secured seven thousand fish, whereas our full supply for all winter calls for twenty-five thousand, but He who has ever supplied our needs in the past will not fail us when the time comes.

Seven years ago last June I was landed here in the midst of a small Indian settlement, nearly one thousand miles removed from our nearest post office and railway station, alone, and without a roof to cover my head. To-day we have house-room enough for forty Indian children and our staff, a boarding-school of thirty pupils and eight-day scholars. Then my congregation of worshippers ran from fifteen to twenty-five, while now our services are seldom attended by less than seventy, regardless of the fact that we now have a Roman Catholic Mission in our midst, whilst some of our Natives have really shown manifestations of a hearty desire to walk in the ways of our Saviour Jesus Christ. These are only some of the more tangible manifestations of the Almighty's blessing. Time and again, without number, have we felt that God's Father love was overshadowing our daily path, feeding us with things

convenient, and daily supplying our every need. The question arises, Are we to stand still now? Only this summer our Bishop had to refuse to take more children because our help was unable to care for them as they should be cared for. I asked of him permission to write for more helpers, and he said that he had all now that he could find means to support, and thus we stand. I can only leave the matter here, asking that each Christian reader will lift his or her heart in prayer to the Giver of all good things, that He may guide us aright, and if the work be His, pray that the needed means may be forthcoming in His own good time and way.

Many friends of our co-helpers in the work will naturally expect to see some particular notice of those in whom they are especially interested. Speaking of them as a body, I cannot find words to express my deep appreciation of their individual labour. No man could wish to be surrounded by more faithful, nor yet by more loyal associates. Of Miss Sims, who has been with us since September of 1896, I need only say that her work has been so incessant and trying that it is beginning to tell upon her health, and it is hoped that the W.A. may be able to send a substitute for her in this coming summer, and thus enable her to take a well-earned rest and holiday. Miss Veitch, although unconnected with any missionary society, and assisting in the capacity of companion to Mrs. Marsh, has taken right hold of the work, and greatly endeared herself, not only to her companions in labour but also to the children of the Institute and the native helpers. Miss Wilgress, our new assistant, has more than fulfilled our most sanguine expectations, and has already won for herself a warm place in the hearts of the members of our Mission band. As for our male assistants, Mr. Johnson, although a first-class machinist by trade, and one likely to command the best of positions amongst his fellow craftsmen in civilization, has deemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the praise of men, and has cheerfully and faithfully performed, day by day, the most varied, and oftentimes menial service, as unto the Lord, while Mr. Willson has given his heart and time to the work of teaching, which had often to be done

under very trying circumstances, and his influence has been greatly blessed amongst the boys of the school. No one could be more faithful and conscientious in the performance of their duties than these young men, and no other motive than grateful love to Christ their Saviour could sustain

them in the many trials and privations that fell to their lots. Our sterling mining friend, Mr. Clark, who spent two winters with us, and to whom we owe much, has gone to the goldfields, and our best wishes and earnest prayers follow him in all his undertakings.

From the Rev. W. Spendlove, Fort Norman, North-West Canada.

Fort Norman, March 5th, 1900.

Our Sphere of Labour and Surroundings.—We reside on the northern confines of British territory on the Arctic slopes of this Continent, not far from the Arctic Circle and Great Bear Lake, amid wild mountainous scenery. Either the wild, thunderous fury of storms rage, or dead calm with intense cold prevails, interchanged with bright sun and cheery ice and snow scenical landscape, for eight months of the year. Ice-blocked and snow-bound, the banks of the Mackenzie River form an interminable forest, and, overland, a trackless desert of beautiful, perfectly dry snow. Distance, 8000 miles from England; upwards of 1500 miles beyond the outer limit of Canadian frontier border of civilization; and our nearest missionary brother fifteen days' journey. Cut off from white people; shut up among Red Indian savages. The efforts to procure sufficient food and fuel for these regions is no easy task. In years gone by it cost me 50l. a year for firewood and another 50l. for native food, such as most people would decline with thanks.

Progress and Advance.—It is cheering to begin the second hundred years with this keynote. A warm reception from, and a successful year's work among, the Indians at Fort Wrigley, a lonely place and uninviting surroundings, prove that past labours have not been fruitless. I prepared eleven adults for confirmation and administered the Holy Communion to nine of them—the first services of this kind at this station.

After discouraging but prayerful efforts, during the summer, I collected twelve Indian children, most of them from mountain Indians, for the Diocesan School. Mrs. Spendlove had no easy task to induce them to be relieved of much superfluous hair, tattered garments made of rabbit-skins, and about ten years' dirt. The former are considered necessary for health, the latter for comfort! This is an on-

couraging result, being a triumph over the very strong instincts and very powerful natural affection of the savage, who tell us our example influenced them in their decision.

I administered the Holy Communion to Indians of the C.M.S. Missions at three stations, Sampson, Wrigley, and Norman, where we had no communicants a few years ago.

Having been appointed to Norman as my headquarters, I returned hither in July, and, soon after arriving, married one of our Indian schoolgirls to a clerk in the Hudson Bay Company's service. The Fur Company seem backward in acknowledging the fact that a fair proportion of their officers who manage the forts out here, or their wives, have been obtained from the Mission. My wife has trained several wives for these important positions. I was sorry to find that, during my absence of a year, death and other removals had thinned the native congregation, several of whom, and another this year, died in the Lord, giving good testimony to their "hope of Heaven" through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord and theirs.

Our adherents appreciate their new church. Good attendance of former times has increased to no empty seats since our return. I am my own organist and schoolmaster. School very small this year, but regularly kept. Most of our Indians came in for Christmas services—the Lord's Supper, Christmas-tree, magic-lantern being the main attractions now that fur debt and New Year's festivities (?) have been superseded by Christmas and truly Christian entertainments. On one occasion a lot of hungry Indians sat for four hours looking earnestly at and listening to Scripture pictures which were nicely explained by Mrs. Hodgson, a native-born Christian woman. I also took up Communion alms collection for the first time here, amounting to 2l. 10s. These are a few evidences of advance.

Drawbacks and Disadvantages.—Under this head much might be said. "Farthest North" can be said of this diocese, and, I think, "largest in the world" is also true of it. But, unlike the explorer, our terms of sticking to it and enduring the life is not two or three years, but twenty and thirty. The expense of everything we need, use, or consume, is simply enormous. The Natives are very poor, the fur trade being the sole commercial enterprise in our midst and all on one side. Millions of pounds sterling have been made out of Indian labour, suffering, and hardship. Of the many hundred per cent. profit made, none of this is spent in the country to benefit the Indians, and the Mission has been handicapped by high freight rates.

Aggression and Prospects.—Christianity is slowly overcoming every Indian superstition known to us, while vicious practices are confined to acts of immorality and impurity, which cling most tenaciously to the poor Red man. But there is help and comfort for them in the Gospel message and ordinances, and they realize it too. There are no Heathen or unbaptized persons in our midst! We all appreciate our Bishop's enterprise, and we welcome this "new missionary," a practical worker, the "Ella Ya." But for these increasing responsibilities we need more financial help. A wave of public opinion has passed through this land by the entrance, and residence one year, of whites. Native and indigenous Christianity held its own with the strongest races of the world, and held its own better than I expected. Surely there will be reflex good flow from this mutual surprise and contact.

March 1st, 1900.

A Wild Red Man Tamed.—I wish to place on record the story of the spiritual enlightenment of Chontsi, who has been well known as one of the wildest mountain Indians on the Mackenzie River. Besides having been a "medicine man" and conjurer, he is credited with having committed a few dark deeds, including murder, and has several times roughly approached "white men" in daring opposition. He has regarded the missionary, too, as his enemy, and I have more than once had to bear his insult and resist his anger and evil device. In fact his entire demeanour has been

that of a strong, wild nature and bad character. But the Holy Spirit has changed this "servant of Satan," and how it came about is briefly told in the following facts.

During 1898-9 I was at Fort Wrigley, a very lonely Mission station, and was led to pray definitely and continuously that the Holy Spirit would enlighten and bless the soul of some poor Red man. Towards the spring Chontsi came to visit us, and I was led to do as I had done all winter to each and all that visited me, viz. join in private prayer to God. I was astonished at the readiness of my visitor, at his earnest and most reverent manner in prayer. I observed something different in his conduct; others noticed it, too. When departing he called to say he had an important "experience" to tell me. He came again during the time I was preparing some Indians for confirmation, and asked to be allowed to join them, wishing to reserve his "experience" till he joined us. At first I thought he was jesting, but he showed signs of great tenderness of heart, soft, subdued manner, quiet speech, and simple earnestness, which indicated a power within controlling a motive I could not, as yet, understand except by sympathy of spirit. Silent tears, too, indicated intense feeling at least. I laboured long and hard preparing eleven adults for the solemn rite of confirmation—including Chontsi. It was a pleasant sight to see these poor Red men submitting to our noble Bishop, especially our once wild friend meekly kneeling with the rest. After the service he said, "I wish to prove my sincerity by giving to you one of my boys for Christian education." I accepted the gift, but promised to send him to our Mission-school. This proved an obstacle, but was finally overcome by agreeing to send two brothers. On our return to Norman, Chontsi turned up there, and came to me at once for prayer, after which he related to me the following "experience." He said: "I was with those Indians last fall when God suddenly took many by death. I made medicine till I got sick, and nearly died, too. They thought I was dead. Oh, *yati* (minister), you don't know what a bad man I have been. In that sickness my medicine failed; it is gone." Here his lips quivered and voice trembled. He continued: "God

sent His good Spirit, and I heard a voice saying, 'Go to the white man's minister at Wrigley.' I resisted, tried the conjuring, it failed. At last I yielded, came to you; you took me in your house, to God in prayer, and

From the Ven. Archdn. R. McDonald, Fort McPherson, Peel River, North-West Canada.

Peel River, Feb. 14th, 1900.

Having been permitted to return for the third time to this Tukudh Mission field, it is with devout gratitude to the Great Head of the Church that I hail the privilege of presenting you an Annual Letter after a prolonged absence of exactly three years.

It was on July 13th that I arrived. It was pleasing to receive a glad welcome from the Natives, the Mission people, and others around. The majority of the Indians belonging to the Mission were encamped about the station. Many of them had longed and prayed earnestly for my return. To them it was a joy to see me again in their midst. Within an hour afterwards all were assembled in the church, that we might unite in thanksgiving for manifold mercies bestowed upon us while I was away from them.

It was saddening to find that nearly all those here were in a state of semi-starvation. Nor was it cheering that there was not an ounce of venison in store for me. The next day a confirmation was held by the Bishop of thirty-three young persons. They had not received much preparation for it, but all appeared to show such a true desire for it that they were hopefully presented, and the Lord's Supper was administered to them the day following. That sacred ordinance had been previously administered to all the communicants present.

In less than a week subsequently most of the Indians took their departure for Upper Peel River to a distance exceeding 200 miles, there to remain over the winter till the opening of navigation, till the beginning of June. With them are two Christian leaders who conduct Sunday and daily services, and also keep school as opportunity offers. A few young men came to the Fort and Mission in September and November for some supplies of goods. Scarcity more or less had existed among them during summer, but the prospect for the winter was considered favourable.

to the Bishop. He, knowing I had been bad, let me in to the Christian Church."

We have had further evidence that the Holy Spirit has been dealing with this poor Red man. Pray for him.

Others crossed the mountains towards Lapierre's House. They were accompanied by the Rev. J. Tssietla and two Christian leaders. These experienced great privation during summer, to such an extent that John Tssietla required a staff to support him in walking. They fared better at the beginning of winter, but within the last two months have been reduced to great straits, and more than once for four or five days at a time were without a particle of food. This distress was caused by the intensity of the cold and a deficiency of snow, which made successful hunting of the reindeer almost an impossibility. The weather having moderated during the last three weeks, they have had better success and are beginning to regain strength.

The rest of the Indians removed to fisheries within a radius of thirty miles, and returned to the Mission at the beginning of October. All remained till about three weeks since, when destitution compelled them to depart and seek in the surrounding country for the means of subsistence, by fishing and rabbit-snaring. The catch of both is very precarious, as they are at present far from numerous.

As for ourselves, we have not been very well off in regard to provisions. Fish were scarce here all the summer. Of venison we received none till the end of September, a little more in November; the whole being barely sufficient for a month's supply. A quantity of fish, both dried and fresh, was procured in the autumn, but it was rather scanty. Our stock of imported provisions, that is, of flour and bacon, being rather limited, great economy has to be practised, and we have been on short commons for some time. But we are in expectation of receiving a supply of venison sufficient for our need before long.

The ordinary work of this Mission has been carried on without interruption. Sunday and daily services have been held regularly, and have been well attended. From October till recently

the congregation, native, averaged between forty and fifty. At other times it has averaged about a dozen. Holy Communion was administered in November to sixty-five Natives. Several of them were from Lapierre's House and from Upper Peel River. It was administered at Lapierre's House to about twenty individuals by the Rev. C. E. Whittaker, who visited that place for that object.

School has been kept regularly by my eldest daughter. The entire number on the register is over thirty. For over three months, beginning in October, the average attendance was about eighteen: all the rest of the time only about ten. A little progress has been made. The teaching is in both English and Indian.

Two students who are under training for two years with a view to ordination to deacons' orders have been with me since October. One of them left nearly a week ago to seek for the means of subsistence, not far distant, his stock of provisions having been exhausted. The other stays on, not being able to go hence for the present, but may later on. Both are married men, each having a wife and half a dozen children. Obtaining a sufficiency of food for them in this time of scarcity is somewhat difficult. They have been taught hitherto entirely in their own language, but may be in English as well, in a small way, after a while. They are doing passably. Neither is very bright, but their minds seem to be expanding,

From the Rev. I. O. Stringer, Herschel Island, North-West Canada.

Herschel Island, Oct. 22nd, 1900.

It is now over a year and a half since I last wrote you direct. I intended to write to you last winter, but the mail went off earlier than usual.

During the past two years, I am thankful to say that I have been able to engage actively in the work without interruption through sickness. My eyes have been a constant source of trouble, however, and in this country especially it is a great trial to have to give up reading. Progress in the language has been hindered considerably from the same cause.

In the spring of 1899, my wife, our little daughter Rowena, and I visited Peel River, going as usual by sled to the mouth of the river, then in a native skin boat up the Mackenzie. At Peel River we were kept very busy attend-

and they will, I trust, eventually become proficient.

It is to me a matter for profound thankfulness that the printing of the Tukudh Bible has been completed, and to know that it is highly prized by those for whom it has been accomplished. Ungrateful indeed I should be if I did not recognize and acknowledge the abundant blessing which has rested on the dissemination of the Word of God among the Tukudh.

But there is much cause for regret in the hindrances which have sprung up within the last twenty years towards the upbuilding of the Native Christians in the faith of the Gospel. The entrance of new fur-traders and of miners into the country, the presence of whalers on the Arctic coast, and the abandonment of two trading posts by the Hudson Bay Company, have all tended to unsettle several of the tribes. They require to be followed up in their migrations more diligently than they used to be. For this purpose active, energetic, and zealous men are needed. They are wanting. But they may be forthcoming. May the Lord Jesus enable us to provide such as will really prove helpful!

The number of deaths during the last three years has been much larger than in former years. In the course of the past year about ten children and seven adults passed away. Of some of the latter it is said that they gave a bright testimony to the preciousness of Christ.

ing to the work. There were a goodly number of Eskimo there as usual, and we had the pleasure of meeting many white men, most of whom were on their way back to civilization, disappointed in their search for gold, and some of them broken down in health. Mr. Whittaker had charge of the Indian work.

Bishop Reeve and Archdeacon McDonald returned by the steamer in July, and we had the pleasure of a few days' visit with them. Mr. Whittaker returned with us on a visit to Herschel Island. This time we came in a little steamer that we had procured through the kindness of a friend in England. The trial trip of the steamer was very satisfactory. After a short visit Mr. Whittaker returned to Peel River, where Mrs. Whittaker had re-

mained in the meantime. Then followed a few busy days when the whale-ships called on their way out to San Francisco, and we were left alone for another winter. There was no ship here last winter, nor is there this, and our nearest white neighbours have been at Peel River, 250 miles away. The ships choose now to winter to the east of the Mackenzie River, where the whales are more numerous.

Last winter there were a good many Eskimo in this vicinity. School was held regularly for them with a good attendance, and fair progress was made. Services were conducted regularly also, and the attendance was very good: generally all or nearly all on the island came, unless something exceptional prevented.

For the greater part of the year food was very scarce, as seals were not plentiful, and the deer had gone far to the south, and only a few polar bears were killed. We fortunately had a good supply of fish in the fall, and during the scarcest time, that is in midwinter, we helped the needy ones and prevented them from starving, but many of them suffered considerably, as one instance will show:—

Some time in March, a man came staggering in, and it required only a glance to tell that he was starving. He looked more like a skeleton than a man of flesh and blood. We gave him some food, little by little at first, and then he told his story. He and his aged mother spent the winter about fifty miles to the westward. Game became scarce and their supply of food became exhausted. Being camped beside an old decayed whale carcass, they lived on this for a time, but they soon became so weak, and the snow so deep, that they were not able to procure it any longer. The man caught some foxes and they ate them; even they failed. Then their only two dogs were sacrificed to appease their appetites.

When almost on the point of starvation they started for here without blanket or coat. The mother was nearly blind, and when about thirty miles from this place the son had to leave her in a snow house. He himself was so weak that it took three days to come a distance that is considered one day's fair travelling. He told us he thought his mother would be dead, and all the other Natives seemed to think the same, and

so they did not think it important to start out at once to bury her. After some little trouble I got a Native to go with me, and, taking my dog team, reached there early the next day.

My companion expected to find her a corpse, but when we reached her snow house, she called from within, "Inooaloon kaivet?" ("My son, have you come back?"). We found her crouched in the middle of a snow house about three feet high, the door of which was partly open, with snow drifting in. Here she had been for three days without blanket or any covering but her clothing, and without fire, drink, or food. She was very thirsty, and we soon made a fire, melted snow and gave her some water. I asked her if she were hungry, and she said only a little, but some one had come to her each night and had given her some fresh deer-meat. (This, no doubt, was a dream or a vision, but it had the effect of keeping her courage up, which is a great deal with an Eskimo.) I asked her if she had slept, and she said she had slept every night. She was not the least bit frozen, although the temperature was down below zero. She said also that she had asked the Good Spirit to help her, and that He had heard her and she had not been afraid. Poor body! She had very little knowledge of higher things, but her faith seemed to be great.

We put her on the sled and came back to Herschel Island without camping—a continuous trip of about fifty or sixty miles. My dogs were good or we could not have done it. The old woman's eyesight was after a time restored, and of course they were both very thankful for the help they received. The man was in our house to-day, and he says that his mother is quite healthy and strong. There was considerable sickness amongst the Natives, but not many died.

Near the same place, an old woman was ill, and her friends said she was going to die because a conjurer had prophesied some months before that she would die that winter. I went out to their camp and gave her some medicine, which she took rather unwillingly. In a few days she was all right again, and that winter passed and the summer also, and a short time ago she was here and was still in good health. But the conjurers have great influence over some of the

people. They are so superstitious they are willing to believe anything of that kind.

In April last Mr. Young, our lay helper, visited Peel River to get the incoming mail, but returned from his 500-mile journey without any letters from outside, as the mail had been delayed somewhere on the way from Edmonton. His companion on this journey was an old Eskimo called "Chacomik," meaning "a grave." In connection with the name there is a history. He and the other Eskimo say that when a boy he died, and his friends wrapped him in skins and buried him on the top of the ground, as is their custom. After three or five days (I am not sure which) he came to life again and returned to the house of his friends. Many of the Natives stand in awe of him yet, as he is peculiar in many ways.

After Mr. Young's return I prepared to go on an extended trip to the eastward. On May 25th my wife gave birth to a fine baby boy, whom we have named Freddie Herschel. I baptized him at the close of an Eskimo service on Sunday, and, taking advantage of this opportunity, I gave an address on baptism and its meaning. Three weeks after the birth of our son I left Herschel Island, my wife and Mr. Young remaining here for the summer.

I first visited Peel River, where Bishop Reeve held a Diocesan Conference or Synod, the first that I ever had the pleasure of attending as a member. There was nothing of very great importance to enact, but the meeting and conferring together was a pleasure and a help. The Bishop gave an address and a sermon. Mr. Spendlove preached on Sunday. Archdeacon McDonald, Mr. Whittaker, and myself each took some part. These made up the members of the Synod who were present, the only absent member of the clergy being the Rev. Mr. Marsh, of Hay River, who was prevented at the last moment from attending.

After leaving Peel River in July, I accompanied the Eskimo down to their village, and visited the different villages along the coast, continuing on

From the Right Rev. Bishop W. C. Bompass, Diocese of Selkirk, N.-W. Canada.

Caribou Crossing, Dec. 4th, 1900.

It is my duty to report to you the present state of your Missions in this

farther than I have ever been before, as far as Cape Bathurst. At the latter place I met about 200 Eskimo, some of whom I had never seen before, and spent half a month with them. They treated me very kindly, and nearly all seemed glad to learn what I had to teach them. Some of them lived formerly far to the west in Alaska, but have gathered at this place to hunt the whale, as it is a favourite whaling ground for the large bowhead. At times the ships were also in the neighbourhood, and I visited them when convenient and was received kindly. I performed the Burial Service for one poor white man who died on a ship. It was a busy time and the days passed all too quickly, but the ships were leaving for Herschel Island and I could not stay longer. I trust the visit was not in vain. I had the blessed privilege of proclaiming to some of these for the first time the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. But there is so much evil and so much superstition to contend with, it is only through the mighty power of the Holy Spirit that their lives can be changed. Some of them, however, were anxious to learn all they could, and expressed their willingness to go to our country if possible, to be taught and then to return to teach their own people. They urged that we should go to live there: that seems impracticable at present. Taking passage on a whale-ship, I reached Herschel Island on August 23rd, and found all well. On August 26th, the last ship left for San Francisco, and we were again left with our Eskimo neighbours. Some of the Natives have scattered to other places, but this winter we have a very good school of young people and we hope to make good progress with them. All attend regularly the services held. We are looking hopefully to seeing some definite results of our work this winter.

In a few weeks we expect to have the only opportunity before next July of sending letters for the outgoing packet.

Let me ask for your continued earnest prayers on behalf of ourselves and the people on this coast.

diocese, which are few and feeble. The addition made to them this year is the new station here at Caribou Crossing,

where our numbers are very small, but we do our best to bring the few scattered Indians out of their heathen darkness. I have already christened some of the children, and after Christmas I hope to baptize some of the adults. Our service for Indians was attended last Sunday by nearly thirty, and we have school nearly every day.

The Rev. G. L. L. Gordon, M.A. (Oxon.), has also re-opened our diocesan boarding and day schools at Forty Mile for the Indians, which may be said to be connected with your Missions, though not supported by you. Mr. Gordon is also able to instruct the children of your missionary, the Rev. J. Hawksley, for whom otherwise it would be impossible to obtain, in this country, a liberal and Christian education.

Our older Missions are proceeding much as usual, only, alas! the Indians are increasingly sickly and dwindling in number. I fear we can only hope for the privilege of holding open the gate of heaven for some of them before these tribes vanish from the world.

The Rev. J. Hawksley continues to persevere in his Indian work at Forty Mile. For his work among the whites he has now the assistance of the Rev. G. L. L. Gordon.

At Mooschile the Rev. B. Totty has enlarged and improved his mission-house, and has erected a school-house. Mr. Totty takes much interest in his school, and the education of the Indians is advancing under his care. The food provision for the Indians becomes a problem, now that their country is hunted over by a multitude of whites. This matter, as well as the education of the Indians, and compensation to them for the occupation of their lands, the Canadian Government ought to take up, but they are sadly backward.

At Fort Selkirk, Archdeacon Canham continues his missionary efforts both in church and school, unassisted, though I fear his own health sometimes flags, and Mrs. Canham's health is never strong. Archdeacon Canham was in-

tending to build a new church, but writes that he has delayed doing so in consequence of a threat of the Government to remove his Indians and Mission to a reserve two miles off. But this is now postponed.

Mission work among the Indians could be attempted in several other localities, such as the Polly, Stewart, and White rivers, and in the Tanana country.

In this region we stand in the world of the future, rather than of the past, even though at the outskirts of it. It is right that we should close the century with gratitude for preservation and past mercies, and with full confidence in the fulfilment of God's promises and the progress of Christ's Kingdom in the time to come.

Our work among the whites is, I am glad to think, somewhat extending. The Rev. R. J. Bowen has opened, since the summer, a new and successful Mission at Whitehorse, where a new church has been built, opened, and dedicated at a cost of about 500*l*.

Mr. Christopher Reed has also opened a new Mission at the Grand Forks, or Bonanza City, on the Klondyke mining creeks, where he has erected a preaching tent, at a cost of about 200*l*. These are now two of the most important points in this diocese. To sustain these efforts we shall require some additional income, which we hope will be supplied us.

The church of St. Paul's, Dawson, continues to be entirely self-supporting, but I fear the health of the Rev. H. A. Naylor, B.A., now in charge, may ere long necessitate a change in the incumbency.

We are somewhat straitened in funds, but at the close of the year and century I trust that, as the saying is, "both ends will nearly meet." Like the telegraph between this and yourselves in London, which is said to lack only 100 miles of completion, and that these will be supplied in April, I hope it may be the same with our funds.

From the Rev. J. Hawksley, Buxton, Upper Yukon, North-West Canada.

Buxton, Nov. 26th, 1900.

Upon taking charge here, I had, through the removal of the Rev. H. A. Naylor, to take over the English work as well as the Indian, and the day-school. In addition to this, improve-

ments and repairs were greatly needed in both Missions.

Indian Work.—Morning and evening services have been held regularly every Sunday during the year, except during the fishing season, when our people are

scattered in little groups along the river procuring their winter supply of salmon. Daily evening services have also been conducted regularly with the same exception as above. The sick have been visited and their bodily and spiritual needs ministered to. One very pleasant part of our work is the individual intercourse with the Indians. Some of them come to the house, bringing their books, generally the New Testament; we read a chapter through together and talk over it afterwards, I hope with profit. I wish more of our young people would do this. The attraction of the town seems to be too strong for them.

I am glad to be able to report a comparatively quiet year as far as drunkenness is concerned. It is well known that whisky has a strange fascination for the Indian, and I am sorry to say white men encourage this vice by supplying the liquor. It is against the law, and in several cases the offenders have been dealt with. Anyway, you will be glad to hear I was told only a short while ago that the Indians had been quieter and better during the past year than for several years past. This came from one who is quite disinterested in the Mission. The immunity from cases of drunkenness referred to above may be partly attributed to the action of the Government in ordering several suspected persons to leave the place at short notice. In any case we are thankful for the decrease, and hope it may eventually, through the grace of God, be wiped out entirely.

We have had five adult baptisms among the Tanana Indians. These people live some hundred miles up the Forty Mile River, and have been visited from time to time by the missionaries stationed here. The five whom I baptized had been waiting for some time in hopes of the missionary coming to their camp, but finally came in to the station. After questioning them, and being satisfied of their real desire to become members of the living Church of Christ, I baptized them. Let me beg your prayers for these people, that they may be kept by the power of God living members of the Church, and that they may "daily grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

I wish I could report greater spiritual advancement. Our people advance slowly, but we hope none the less

surely. We greatly need an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. In the meantime we must work and pray in faith. The Indians are surrounded by so much that tends to deaden spiritual life that it makes one feel thankful even for a small advancement.

English Work.—I have maintained along with my other work an English service every Sunday throughout the year. On the whole the attendance has been fairly good. It is difficult in a mining town like this to keep a congregation together. There is so much coming and going. The Holy Communion has been regularly administered on the first Sunday in each month. While having no visible results of this part of my work to record, I rest on the promise, His Word shall not return to Him void. At all events, the people here have had the Gospel preached unto them, and I trust that some at least have been comforted and strengthened thereby.

Day-school.—Day-school has been held with the exception of one or two short intervals during the year. I had sixteen pupils on the roll, the average attendance being ten. Very satisfactory progress was made by nearly all the pupils. Special attention is paid to Scripture-reading, hoping thereby to influence the young minds in the paths of holiness and virtue. The school seems to me to be a hopeful and important part of our work. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught as well as the Catechism, and the singing of hymns both in Indian and English.

Itinerant Work.—During the year several trips have been made. First, in September, 1899, I visited Eagle City, where part of our native adherents reside. I stayed with them one week, holding services and visiting and giving medicine to the sick. At the same time I attended to some secular matters for them in respect to a plot of land near the town upon which they could locate and build their cabins.

In February, 1900, I visited Dawson on Mission business. The Bishop being in charge, I had no direct missionary work to do. It certainly was pleasant to meet the Bishop and find him so much better in health than was reported.

In March I again visited Eagle City, spending a week there, during which I conducted services and gathered the

children together for teaching. The Holy Communion was administered to sixteen communicants, who seemed greatly to value the opportunity of gathering round the Lord's Table.

I might add Eagle City is fifty-two miles distant from here, and is on the American side of the line. My visits there, are with the full consent of the Bishop of Alaska.

I gave the whites a service during my visit.

Secular Work.—The mission-house has been improved and put in repair; the Indian church and school-house re-lined with white calico and backs added to the seats, and several articles of church furniture brought from

From the Rev. B. Totty, St. Barnabas' Mission, North-West Canada.

St. Barnabas' Mission, Nov. 6th, 1900.

By the goodness of God, we reached this Mission last July, after a pleasant furlough in England.

The mission-house has been occupied by the Bishop during our absence, and the work among the Indians continued under his able direction.

I am sorry to report that many of the Indians have lately died, and they are as a tribe rapidly decreasing. On our arrival we missed several faces who had been looking for our return; of some we have a sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life.

Since my return to this Mission, my time has been fully occupied by services to the Indians and assisting in the alterations to this house.

The Sunday services in church are much liked by the Indians, and they are pleased to listen to the sermons which are delivered in the Indian language. The people are much pleased to have the whole Bible translated into the Indian language.

School for the children is held on Sunday afternoons.

We are steadily progressing with our week-day school, in which Scripture, reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught. The pupils are making steady progress.

We have lately added to the Mission buildings a schoolhouse. The Indians have built it, and I am trying to finish it in my spare hours. We hope to use

From the Ven. Archdn. T. H. Canham, Selkirk, North-West Canada.

St. Andrew's, Nov., 1900.

We are thankful to report the work at this station has gone on as usual dur-

Rampart House put in, which has greatly added to the comfort and appearance of the building.

The English church has been moved into a better and more convenient building on the water-front. A small turret with a bell has been put up on it. The inside has been lined and the woodwork painted, and backs added to the seats.

P.S.—A diocesan school has recently been opened here under the mastership of the Rev. G. L. L. Gordon, M.A., who has had long colonial school experience. I hope and trust that this may prove beneficial not only to Forty Mile, but to the diocese generally.

it for a reading and recreation room for the Indians during the long winter evenings.

Evening prayer in church is held every day, and this service brings to a fitting close each day's work.

Last summer we had a pleasant surprise by a party of Indians from Peel River, who paid us a visit here. All were delighted to see them, as they were to see us. Some of them received the Holy Communion during their stay, and some of the children were baptized. I am glad to say these Indians have not decided to remain in this camp, but have gone back to the mountains to hunt; as a consequence they enjoy better health. Some of their number have lately visited us, and give a cheering report of their welfare.

The police authorities at Dawson are very good to us, and occasionally send some provisions for the sick Indians. The doctor sometimes visits us and very kindly sends medicine for the sick.

All these natives are nominal Christians, and are very glad to be taught. We are encouraged in our work amongst them because we feel that some at least are God's own people.

It is feared that unless the Indians obtain Government support very soon, they will find it difficult to earn a living. They depend chiefly on their hunting for a livelihood, but this seems taken from them by the presence of so many white men in their country.

ing the past year, the Sunday services being regularly conducted, and the day-school kept up without intermission.

The population of Selkirk is much smaller than it was a year ago. With the departure of the Yukon Field Force many others moved away. The attendance at the English services has been small in consequence.

The number of Indians camped here has been unusually large—at one time there were representatives of no less than six neighbouring tribes, all of course speaking a different dialect—and they have attended their services very well.

The day-school for the Natives, although not large, provides work for three: Mrs. Canham—who I regret to say continues in very poor health—has taken the women, myself the men, and David Walker—a lad brought up at the Mission—the junior class or alphabeters.

Teaching these people is very up-hill work, and the progress made small; still, we plough on, the sowing time will come, and the reaping time is sure.

But for the inducements to both men and women to earn money, our school would have been much larger. Labour is very high, wages \$6, \$7, and \$10 a day. Wood for the steamers that run on this part of the river, sold last season at \$10, \$12, and \$15 per

cord. Even the Indians, who cannot be reckoned among the most industrious class, could not resist this, and worked really hard, to the surprise of everybody.

Now that the busy time is over, we expect an increase of scholars.

There has been much sickness and many deaths among the Indians below us, and, it is said, among the Eskimo of the coast. We have not altogether escaped, and our small stock of medicines has proved helpful, and in some cases by God's blessing effectual.

A Dr. Madore, surgeon to the North-West Mounted Police, stationed here, visited and treated some of our sick Indians. He now says he finds them too poor and too dirty.

The Bishop and Mrs. Bompas passed Selkirk in August *en route* for Cariboo Crossing, where a new Mission to the Indians of that district has been started. The Bishop has written several letters since, and seems to be working hopefully.

The opening of the country to miners and others greatly increases the labours of the missionaries, and not less so their anxieties; you will know what it means, and will not, we are sure, cease to pray for us.

